

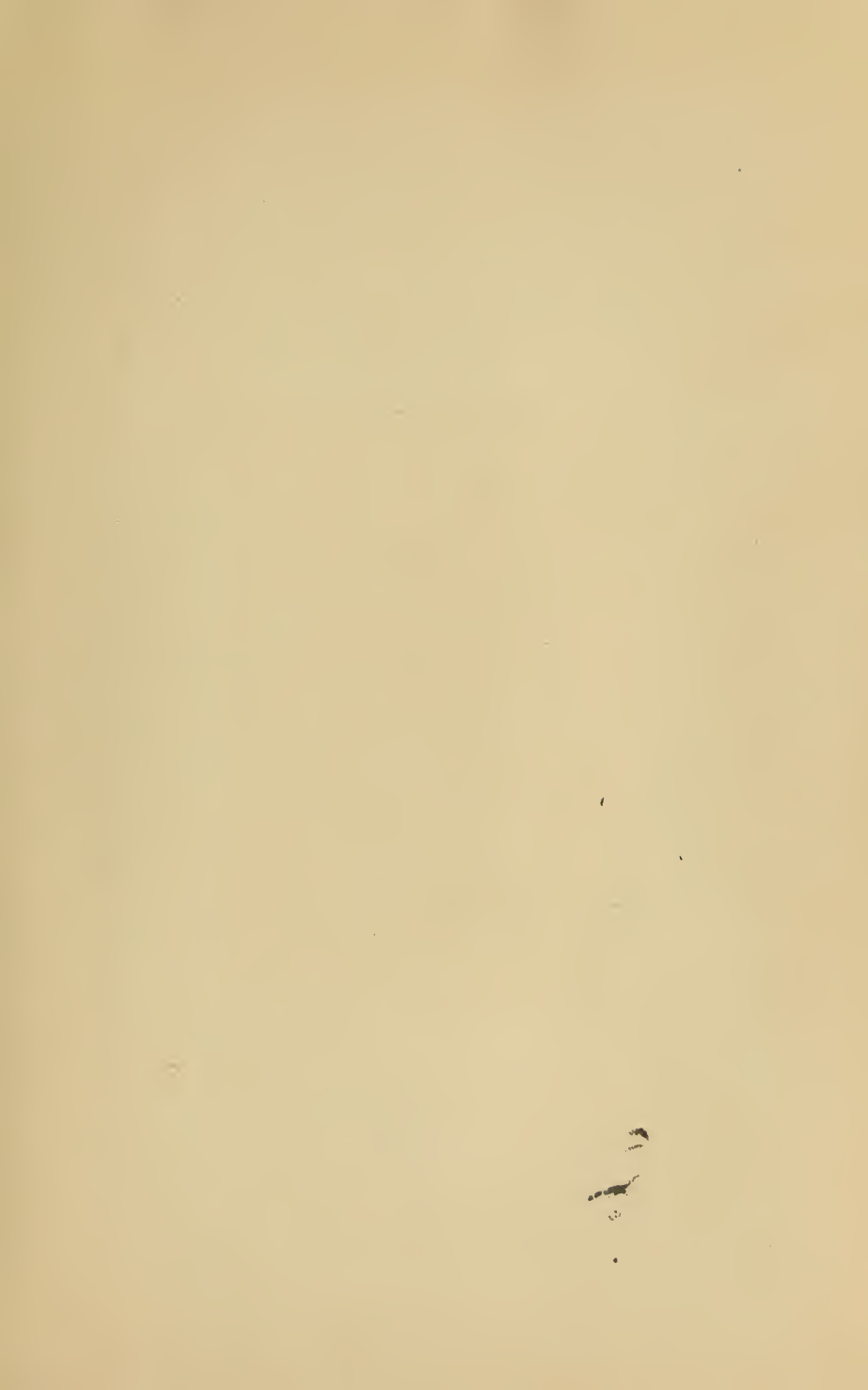


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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

LITTLE BLOSSOMS

OF

LOVE, KINDNESS, AND OBEDIENCE,

SCATTERED DURING A LIFETIME
IN HONOR OF
OUR IMMACULATE MOTHER
BY
SISTER MARY AGNES McCANN.

Of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati.

VOLUME I.



SISTERS OF CHARITY,
MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-OHIO,
1910.

PS 3525
.A135 L5
1910

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u 2104 212 33

Imprimatur:

Henry Moeller

Archiepiscopus Cincinnatiensis.

Cincinnati, die 14^o Octobris 1910.

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Foreword.



THE art of poetry is a rare gift of God. "Poeta nascitur, non fit,"—the poet is born, not made. The ancients fancied poetry to be the daughter of the highest divinity. It has ever been in the service of religion. The psalms of David form the most beautiful portion of the written word of God in the Old Testament. The Church incorporated them into her liturgy. Sacred Hymns occupy no mean place in the Missal, Breviary, Ritual, and enter largely into private devotions. Music is a willing helpmate of her heaven-born sister; united they awake in the soul deep and holy emotions.

The poems contained in this volume were composed by a Sister of Charity, whose Mother-House is at Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio, near Cincinnati. They cover a large range of subjects. Many are in honor of the great mysteries of our holy religion or in praise of saints; others were written to former pupils, to members of her community, or of her family, or to be read at graduating exercises, silver or golden jubilees of prelates, pastors, and religious, or to console friends bereft by death of dear ones; some were sung in a lighter and playful strain.

Whatever their theme, they are melodious and deeply religious. The sight of a star, a flower, a snow-flake, or the drooping branches of a tree, raises the mind of the poetess to a higher sphere, to the supernatural, to the Creator. "The invisible things

of Him," writes the Apostle of the Gentiles, "are understood by the things that are made." These poems taken as a whole reflect the points of the sublime meditation often proposed at the end of the Spiritual Exercises to obtain the perfect love of God: all creatures are God's gift. He is in them, works through them and all their perfections come from Him, their source, as the rays of light come from the sun.

The public is indebted for the pleasure and benefit derived from these poems to the persistent pressure of friends, which prevailed on the gifted authoress to have them appear in print.

Henry Joseph Richter,

Bishop of Grand Rapids.

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Religious.



MOTHER SETON,
FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Little Blossoms

Prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Weary, dear Lord, I come to Thee,
Weary of self and all:
My burden heavier grows, each day,
On Thee for help I call.

The forces, Lord, which in my soul
So oft have marshalled been,
I still must summon and array
Against myself and sin.

This heart of mine too human seems
For what it needs must bear;
Else why this sinking, fainting, dread
Of each fresh added care?

I long, my God, for rest and time
To note my soul's affairs:
Yet granted not is this dear boon,
Unanswered are my prayers.

For others I must think and act,
Their sorrows strive to heal;
Tho' aches my heart from weariness,
All this I must conceal.

And then, my God, when thus I've toiled,
How oft it seems in vain!
For where I've sought meet gratitude,
I find what brings me pain.

Did Thy dear Saints, O Lord! feel thus?
Or patient were they still,
Whatever sorrow came to them,
Ordained by Thy blest will?

Little Blossoms

How long, O Lord! shall it thus last?
How long my soul be tossed
By surging waves of anxious care,
Of hope deferred or lost?

Yet, think not, O my dearest Lord!
The cross Thou'st willed for me
I'd put aside or change—I ask
But patient charity.

Take Thou this heart and in Thine own
Strengthen its fibres weak,
Inflame its love—let it come thence,
Lowly, dear Lord, and meek.

And then, what comes of joy or ill
With Thee I'll bravely meet,
And place, at death, with childlike trust
Life's burden at Thy feet.

The Immaculate Conception.

Hark to sounds that wake the Heavenly Kingdom!
List to notes of exultation grand!
Angels chant forth joyously their anthems,
Gladly praise the Queen of their blest band.
O Immaculate Virgin! throned above us
Far beyond the skies,
Every grace and beauty of the Godhead
Thy pure soul supplies.

Looking back thro' many ages,
Thro' long vistas of departed years,
Lo! before us springs the world's creation,
And on high, the Holy pleased appears.

Little Blossoms

Eden's beauty is before us,
Paradise,—a home of priceless worth;
But a shadow falls upon the picture
As the Mighty, angered, smites the earth.
Then arose a Moon of mildest radiance
And forthsent her rays to light our path:
Eve, our mother, had brought sin upon us,
Mary, now, must stay the Eternal wrath.

Lily purest! wondrous, sweet and fragrant!
Earthly beauty many a charm bestows;
But, O Mother! what are all things earthly?
Naught, compared to thee, thou Mystic Rose.
Daughter of the Eternal Father!
Bright effulgence of the Spirit God!
Mother of the world's Redeemer!
Mortal's hope! Sweet soil by sin untrod!
Angels marvel at thy greatness,
E'en in awe their songs of joy they hush,
Satan rages and in terror trembles,
Destined art Thou his proud head to crush.

O prerogative so grand and glorious!
Of unnumbered millions, thou alone wast free,
In thy soul no taint was e'er discovered,
Tho' all men had suffered sin's decree.
"Happy fault!" we may cry out most truly,
For thy soul such beauty to prepare,
But for it, we had not known a Saviour,
Had not felt the sweetness of thy care.

Then, O Mother dearest! fold thy mantle
Close and tenderly about our hearts;
Leave no entrance there for Satan,
Shield us from the foe's incessant darts.

Little Blossoms

Human hearts, at best, thou knowest, Mother,
Are poor offerings for thy Son Divine:
But presented by thee, fair and stainless,
Gems of untold value will they shine.
And, when Jesus sees inwoven
'Mid the fibres of our hearts, *thy Name*,
Graciously He'll bless both gift and giver,
Sweetly listen to our every claim.

St. John the Baptist.

Softly fall the shades of even
O'er Judea's kingly hills,
Gently sinks the moon's calm radiance
Tingeing all the mountain rills.
Valley, glen, and peaceful hamlet,
From the cares of day released,
Rest beneath night's silver gleaming,
Spend a happy, homelike feast.
Turn we hence with chastened feelings
From this lovely scenery,
To the hall of mirth and gladness
Home of gorgeous revelry.
Naught is wanting to the banquet:
Viands costly, wines most rare,
Choicest fruits which earth can offer,
In profusion—all are there.
Rich apparel, glittering jewels,
Ornaments of kingly state,
Noble damsels, lords, and ladies,
Herod's feast is for the great.

Little Blossoms

List! the sound of music ceases
And the King a vow hath made
To the daughter of Herodias:
"All thou askest, shall be paid."
Had she, then, so young, a maiden,
Favor great on him conferred?
Silence reigns o'er all the feasters,
Each one pond'ring what he heard.
Could there aught but deed heroic
From his lips such accents bring?
Hear ye now, and blush for greatness:
She had *danced* before her king!
Maidenlike, she stands bewildered,
But Herodias quick draws near,
Whispers to her child a sentence:
Herod's heart throbs wild with fear.
Ghastly turns the royal visage,
As the maiden calmly said:
"Thou hast promised: then I ask thee
To bring here the Baptist's head."
"Child," he cried, and springing forward,
Tightly grasped her tiny hand,
"Take the wealth from out my coffers,
Half the treasures of my land."
"No," she said, with woman's firmness,
"What I've asked, alone I crave,
King thou art, thy word's been spoken,
Keep it, then, if thou art brave."
Mournfully he looked about him,
"Can he not her wish forego?"
On each face he reads the sentence,
"Thou hast sworn and must bestow."

Little Blossoms

By his mandate, now a prisoner
Lay St. John in dungeon cell,
Thither cast for having censured
Royal crimes so dark and fell.
Anxiously the maiden watches
And ere long, the dish is brought
Bearing on its silvered surface
Strangest gift that maid e'er sought.

Didst thou know, O girl! the treasure
Which thy hands unworthy hold,
What to thee were courtly pleasure!
What to thee King Herod's gold!
All the Baptist's works examine,
Visit thou his childish days,
Near his couch, at life's first dawning,
Angel voices sang his praise;
Mary, too, the Queen of Heaven,
Smiled upon this chosen one,
Pressed oft gently to her bosom
The Precursor of her Son.
Scarce are days of childhood ended,
When he flees from home and friends:
Garbs of penance, fasting, preaching,
Tell to where his heart-pulse tends.
Then, throughout the desert lonely,
Hear his burning words exhort
That the Lord's blest path be straightened,
That from sin all men depart.
Flock to him around the Jordan
Crowds drawn by his earnest voice,
Pours he on them cleansing waters,
Bids their hearts in Christ rejoice.

Little Blossoms

"Is He not the Great Messiah
Promised and expected long?
Unfit am I, e'en to loosen
Of His shoe, the blessed thong!"
Thus he spoke in loving accents,
"Than me, you've seen a greater far,
By His coming, I diminish,
As the sun makes pale night's star."

O St. John! what nobler favors
Could thy God on thee bestow!
At thy birth such wondrous blessings,
Thro' thy life, thy God to know.
Add to this thy Lord's eulogium:
"Greater man hath ne'er been born!"
Earthly riches, earthly splendor,
Well could meet thy holy scorn.

Like St. John, in name and labor,
Is our honored prelate here.
What of earth to him is sacred?
Only that which Christ held dear.
Souls of men produce a yearning
In true followers of the cross:
Mourn they not at fleeting sorrows,
Only the eternal loss.

As the Jordan's vales resounded
With the Baptist's earnest word,
So, throughout life's sinful desert
Has our Father's voice been heard.
Oft the wretched heart he's softened
By his kindly words of love,
Found beneath its hardened surface,
Gems to shine in courts above.

Little Blossoms

Boldly on he's marched before us
Borne the labors of the day;
Taught us well, in work and precept,
How to act while yet 'tis day.
Deeds by him long since forgotten,
Radiant with celestial light,
In the Heavenly archives nestle
Gladdening Angelic sight.

Dearest Father, let us thank thee,
Words are weak; but God knows all:
How our prayers have oft ascended,
Blessings great on thee to call.
May we all with thee, hereafter,
When our days on earth have ceased,
'Neath the sunbeams of the Godhead,
Spend an everlasting Feast.

St. Vincent de Paul.

Oft in mem'ry we perform a journey
And of many countries take a quick survey:
Thus thro' Gallia, let us now betake us,
Pause to note its great men, on our way:
Let us search its archives worn and olden,
See the glorious names historic rise
Claiming for themselves the highest honor
For vast deeds or wondrous enterprise.

One by one, they pass reviewed before us,
Whilst we gladly yield the tribute due:
Till, at length, a noble name awakens
Every instinct of the good and true.

Little Blossoms

Not upon the blood-stained field of battle
Did he win his laurels truly great;
For he scorned what others prize most highly:
Riches, honor, fame, or, proud estate.

His great heart with holy love illumined,
In each living creature saw his God:
So, his aim, his chief ambition ever,
Was to walk the path his Saviour trod.
O'er the world, he sought for all the helpless
That he might a timely aid impart.
All who suffered either pain or anguish
Had love's passport to his tender heart.

'Round him throng the old and careworn pilgrims
Weary of this place of exile drear:
From his lips they drink in words of comfort
And they learn each other's paths to cheer.
So the captive in his darksome prison
From the Sainted Vincent holy courage takes:
Hope deferred he feels at length reviving,
As a wish for higher things awakes.

Flock to him the little homeless children
Tired of this cold world's bitter draught of gall;
Friends they know not,—parents have departed.
Now, St. Vincent is their friend, their all.
See him wipe away their tears of sorrow,
Tears which Angels' hands, in love, collect
And bright jewels form to last forever,
Thus, our Father's virtues to reflect.

Not for his time only, did he labor,
But with eye prophetic future ages saw;

Little Blossoms

So he formed an order which he purposed
To fulfill in earnest, charity's sweet law.
For that work, we all by God are chosen.
What a glorious mission here below!
As our model let us take St. Vincent,
Make our hearts with love like his to glow.

O that heart! so fond of fellow-creatures!
Gently sweet the lessons it will teach
How we can, by kindly word and action,
Highest summit of perfection reach,
Hard it is not, when we see another
Overburdened with a weight of woe,
To stretch forth a helping hand, in kindness
And make light his toilsome lot below.

But our hearts:—so cold and selfish are they,
E'en in thought or word we hesitate,
Ere we try to aid a needy brother,
Or, the pangs he feeleth mitigate.
“All to all,” this was our Founder's motto:
Let us stamp it on our inmost hearts.
Here on earth we're placed to live for others,
From this duty, let us not depart.

Always may the charity supernal,
Which our Father's heart so deeply pressed,
Find in ours a place of loving welcome
For the refuge of the poor distressed.
Dearer, dearer shall we be to Jesus,
Who while on this earth the lowly deemed
Children of His love and special blessing,
By the shedding of His Blood redeemed.

Little Blossoms

Now, today, we peer thro' clouds above us
And behold, amid celestial throngs,
Our happy Saint, a noble guard surrounding,
Chanting forth his praise, in sweetest song,
Weak our voices mingle in the anthem:
Great things here, the little oft confounds,
So, we courage take and join the chorus
Which throughout the Heavenly vault resounds.

Mary.

Holier than the Seraph!
Cherubim seem small
Near the throne of Mary,
Spotless Queen of all.
"Full of grace" he called her,
Gabriel of old,
Her the Virgin Mother
Age on ages told.

'Neath her heel the Serpent
His proud head bent low;
God the Father girt her
Endless might to show.
With His love the Spirit
Clothed her beauteous soul,
God the Son obeys her
While all ages roll.

All Souls Day.

'Tis a holy thought and all-consoling
That we may the dear departed aid,
By our prayers and good works freely doling,
Cancel debts they left on earth unpaid.
Oft there comes a visitor coldhearted—
Death—who claims our loved and best:
Fain we'd think all grief from them departed,
That they now had gained eternal rest.

But, with faith, we see the God of Heaven
Just by nature, and in essence pure,
In His sight, all souls behold sin's leaven
Flee His presence, Who'll no stain endure.
Fast they plunge into the purging fire
That it may consume the stains of old,
Stains now bringing on them God's just ire:
Cleansed they must be and refined like gold.

Holy Church, with tender heart of mother,
Loves her children with unbounded love.
She cries to us: "Have mercy on your brother
And open wide the gates of bliss above."
See her, now, triumphant with the reigning,
Then, on earth, she girds each fighting son:
Now she mourns with those beyond who're suffering,
Working off the dross which guilt has won.

List! she calls on us, her earthly children,
Bids us to her coffers rich repair,
Draw from out her store and wealth of ages,
Sweetest treasure of indulgenced prayer.

Little Blossoms

"By applying these," she gently tells us,
"Flames you'll quench and many souls set free,
Who, when prostrate at the feet of Jesus,
Will obtain that you His Face shall see."

So, to us, thus also Jesus speaketh:
"Look in mercy on the souls I love,
Blest, indeed, will he be who delivereth
Souls from flames to mansions bright above.
You alone, now, have the holy power,
Their great torments soon to mitigate:
I, Omnipotent! am powerless longer
Change to make in this their painful state.

"Mercy, now, must yield its place to justice,
And, their wills no longer being free,
They no respite for themselves can merit:
Suffer must they, ere My Face they'll see.
Still, My Heart burns with an ardent longing
Heaven's portals now to open wide,
Longs and waits impatient for their thronging
To My courts in bliss with Me to bide."

O dear Souls! could we but know your anguish,
Then, perhaps, our icy hearts would melt.
But alas! until our souls shall languish
In those flames, we'll know not what you've felt:
Yet, we'll kneel in love before the Altar,
While our prayers, as sacred incense, rise,
Teach our hearts to never, never falter,
Till you're safe in realms beyond the skies.

Sayings of the Saints.

"To pray is good, to act is better, to suffer best of all."

"O Deus! ego amo Te!"

I hear the sainted Xavier say.
Ignatius' prayer from day to day.

"O Corpus Christi, salva me!"

Teresa moans from heart afire,
"To suffer, Lord, or else expire."

DePazzi's love bursts forth in cry,

"To suffer, Lord, and not to die."

St. Philip says to wordly men,

"Ambition gained, what then? And then?"

Count Borgia near to royal tomb,

"For God alone my soul finds room."

Augustine's vision all life thro,'

"O Beauty ancient, ever new!"

On Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry,

"Make straight His path, the Lord is nigh!

O ransomed men, today rejoice!

Prepare His way, I am His voice."

Christ's Vicar on his earthly throne,

"Thou knowest, Lord, my love!" would moan.

While pagan lands St. Thomas trod,

His soul's refrain: "My Lord, my God!"

Burned great St. Paul his all to give—

"I live, not I, but Christ doth live."

St. Vincent looking on distress;

"Christ's charity my soul doth press."

Asissi's Saint in converse sweet,

"My brothers!" would all creatures greet.

"Come, praise the Lord," and while he spoke,

Alverno's wooded hills awoke:

Little Blossoms

The feathered tribe and beasts from lair
Joined Francis in his daily prayer.
De Sales, the gentle, "Love," and then,
"Do what you will, O foolish men!"
St. John the loved one naught could say
Thro' century that he lived, each day,
But "Little children of my heart,
Let each the other's love have part."
Our Mother Mary, peerless maid,
Since Gabriel's "Ave," none delayed,
Her name to use in prayer and praise,
And ask her aid in all their ways.
St. Bernard great, the honey-tongue,
Forever Mary's praises sung.
"In ore mel," her name said he
"In corde gaudium," should be,
"In aure melos" dulcior
Than e'er was heard on earth before.
A Jerome great and Chrysostom
With Ambrose, too: "All ages come,
Shall Mary reign as Queen o'er all,
The Moon which rose at Adam's fall.
Beneath her foot the serpent's head,
Our safety in that posture read."
The Magdalen grieving while she lives,
"Because she loves much, Christ forgives,"
My own St. Agnes, headsman near,
"Come, O my Spouse! I know not fear.
Thy jewel's on my finger found,
Thy girdle binds my heart around."
Sebastian, while the torturers stare:
"Foul emperor, beware, beware:

The God of Hosts with flaming sword
E'en now leads on barbarian horde."
Hear the great Angel of the Schools:
"My Crucifix holds all the rules."
And when his Lord a prize would give:
"Naught but Thyself; in Thee I live."
Albertus' prophecy proves true:
"His bellowing's heard the ages thro!"
Our Mother pure, of all the Queen:
"My lowliness the Lord hath seen.
My name the nations blessed shall call,
And magnify the Lord of all."
Jesus, the saint of saints, spoke too,
"My Father's Will, I came to do."
St. Joseph's silence says to all,
"On Mary and her Jesus call."

Victory Over Self-Loathing.

Or Monk's Masterpiece.

In a modest Spanish convent
Nestled close to old Madrid,
In the humble chapel choir,
Once a masterpiece was hid.
The monks would come devoutly,
And before God's holy shrine,
Ask in simple prayer and fervent
That to grace their hearts incline.
A dying monk was painted
And it seemed to them so real,
That they thought of nothing further
Than their eternal weal.

Little Blossoms

But it chanced, one day, that Rubens
With his pupils passing by,
Felt a sudden inspiration
Near this convent to draw nigh.
He had heard that austere penance
Governed everything within,
The friars hoping thus to stay
The ravages of sin.
Admitted to the chapel,
His artist soul is stirred,
And while the master gazes
The pupils speak no word.
They note his admiration,
Their souls too, are aflame,
And they long to know and honor
The artist and his name.
Van Dyck, the fav'rite pupil cries,
"Who may the painter be?"
Van Thulden spies a word below
Erased most carefully.
Then Rubens quickly summons
The prior worn and old:
"Whose brush produced this picture
We admiringly behold?"
"The painter of that picture,
The world no longer claims."
"What! Dead? And never written
Upon Fame's list of names?
He might have been immortal,
Perchance eclipsed us all:
And, Prior, you are speaking
To Rubens, Peter Paul."

Little Blossoms

At this a tinge of color
Suffused the monk's pale face,
And momentary trembling took
Of holy calm, the place.
But again, he sweetly answered,
"The world knows him no more."
"Then let us hear his name," they cry,
"To praise it, o'er and o'er.
If he was robbed of glory
Let Art still know her son,
And e'en tho' late, be published
The honor he has won."
Cold beads of perspiration stood
Upon the monk's pale brow,
While the truth asked so imperiously,
His lips would not avow.
"His name? His name?" urged Rubens.
The monk then gravely said,
"You have not understood me,
I said not 'He is dead.'
From the world and all its treasures,
Its pomp, its fame, its love,
He has fled to silent cloister
And seeks his praise above."
Then Rubens: "He is living!
Concealed in convent cell!
O Father! such a genius!
I swear his name you'll tell;
For the Holy Pontiff loves me
And whatever convent door
Has closed upon such talent
Shall be opened wide before.

Little Blossoms

Come forth he must, whom God has sealed
With marks of genius high
Must shine, nor e'en be suffered,
Unknown to live and die."

The monk then added sternly:

"His name I ne'er shall give,
Nor will I tell the cloister
Where he in peace doth live."

Annoyed, the master painter said:

"The Pope will you command."
"In Heaven's name," the Prior spoke
And in menace raised his hand,
"Do you think this man no struggles,
No conflicts sharp endured,
Ere he had crushed the pride within
And Heaven's help secured?

Could you but know the anguish

And disappointments sore,
Ambition's fairest pictures
Spread before him o'er and o'er,

What cruel griefs had tortured
(And here he struck his breast)

Before he learned that Vanity

Is this fair world at best.

Then seek not his asylum,

Nor count his name a loss,

This temptation he will banish

By the holy sign—Christ's Cross."

"But his name should be immortal,"

Rubens said, persisting still.

"My son, think of eternity

And of the Eternal Will."

He quickly spoke of other things
Which worldings cannot boast.
Till Rubens and his cortége proud
Went forth, a conquered host.
Then kneeling in his little cell,
Upon a mat of straw,
The Prior smote his breast and prayed
To keep God's holy law.
He rose and from his window
Beheld the flowing stream:
His brushes, colors, easel,
Threw forth; as in a dream
He saw the waters clasp them,
Saw them rise, then float, now fall;
Then knelt before his crucifix
Crowned by the Lord of all.

Beiparae Immaculatae.

Fairer than the lily! purer than the snow!
Brighter than all radiance the universe can show!
Meekest of the humble, humblest of the meek,
Glorious Queen of Angels, refuge of the weak!

Mother of earth's pilgrims, who can tell the bliss?
Angels hosts of Heaven know not love like this!
What shall we then offer on our Mother's day?
That no word unkindly we shall ever say.

Have no thought with harshness colored e'en the least,
Such were worthy off'rings for our Mother's feast.
And that every action courteous shall be.
Love's the life of Heaven—loving endlessly.

Little Blossoms

Easter.

Alleluia! chants all nature,
Sing the birds in happy mirth.
Alleluia! look the flowerets
As they peep from out the earth.

Alleluia! wave the branches
With their first soft down of spring,
Thro' the forests, winds are whispering
"Alleluias let us sing."

Clouds move on and in their passing
Drop their praises soft and low,
Rays of sunlight flash their brightness
Giving earth its Easter glow.

Heart of man, arise! He's risen,
Christ the Immolated One,
He has robbed the grave of terror
And o'er death the victory won.

St. Thomas.

The Apostles are assembled, all, save one, and lost in prayer,
When, lo! the words "Pax vobis" break upon the silent air,
And, in their midst, the Saviour, with mortal eyes they see:
Then down in adoration, bend they heart and will and knee,
For they know their God arisen, in that human form to be.
With love their hearts are flooded, and with God's grace aglow:
They burn, now, with the ardor which on high the Seraphs know.
They note not hours in passing,—all unconscious they remain
Till the wanderer, returning, when the day is on the wane,
Brings back his raptured brethren to life's dull cares and pain.
With joyous acclamation, "We have seen the Lord!" they say,
"In person He has entered, these very walls, today."
"Unless those Palms all-holy marked with points of nails I see,
And the openings cruelly made there I may touch all-reverently,
I shall doubt your bold assertion,—unbelieving I must be."
A week fulfilled its circuit—the Apostles as before
Are deep in meditation on the passion which Christ bore.
The doubter is now with them, his great heart with longing spent
On the meaning of the prophecies, his soul is all intent
When, suddenly, the atmosphere, a glorious vision rent.
"Thomas!" the words were gentle, "thy risen Lord behold!
Within these caves of love, My Wounds, find graces manifold,
Stretch forth thy sight and touch, my son, of doubt thy soul divest."
And Thomas quickly answers, "My Lord, my God, my Guest!"
His energy of faith and love confirming all the rest.
Then, Jesus, "Yea, My Thomas, because I'm seen by thee:
Blessed they who have not seen and yet believe in Me."
The chiding of His Master sunk deep within His breast:
Long years of patient toil and care, with never dream of rest,
Proclaimed his doubts all vanished, of love a glorious test.

Little Blossoms

He chose far, far-off India as a gift unto his God;
The seed of martyrs fructified in that unhallowed sod.
Away from all his brethren, from Mary's counsels wise,
Above each human feeling he bade his soul arise,
And counted nought all conflicts for the eternal prize.
But, e'en on earth, rewarded is this heroic son:
God calls His Mother home to Him, her pilgrimage is done.
The Apostles, Thomas absent, mournfully place her in the tomb.
The light of life seems lost to them, earth an oppressing gloom,
And desolation darkest to be their mortal doom.
The Spirit prompted Thomas towards Jerusalem to repair,
Once more is he a "witness" unto his brethren there:
For, when the sorrowing Thomas to Mary's grave they bring,
Behold! the tomb is empty: exulting Angels sing,
"We've borne her to the highest throne next to our God and King."

Twin Feasts.

Strong and weak, great and small,
'Round His throne they gather all:
Captain of Praetorian Bands,
Agnes meek, with tiny hands,
Manacles, they bring to bind—
Tenderer than humankind—
Placed her pure white flesh to press
They refuse the rude caress,
Drop to earth where they belong:

Little Blossoms

Angel hosts are near with song.
Then the headsman's gleaming blade
Sends to Heaven the spotless maid.
Archers swift Sebastian greet
With their poisoned darts and fleet,
Like the forest oak stands he,
Quails the emperor cowardly.
Well he knows the holy scorn
In Sebastian's great soul born,
Where but honor sat enthroned,
Rome her crime for centuries moaned.

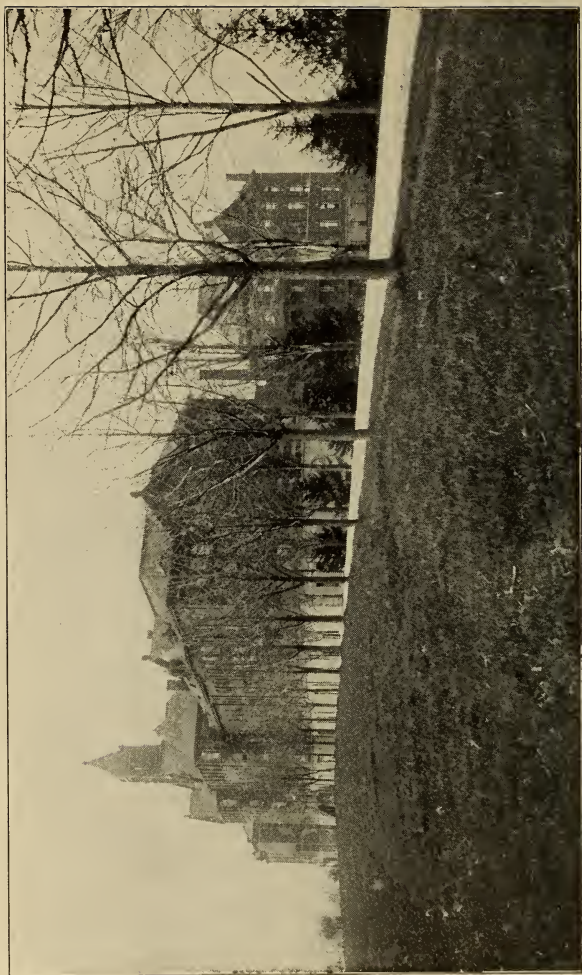
St. Agnes-in-Secundo.

Clouds of fog upon the river,
Ice and snow on all the hilltops,
Trees are clothed in icy garments
Strung with winter's glowing jewels.

Emblem true of her the day is
Of the martyr child St. Agnes.
Heart as pure as falling snowflakes,
Mind as bright as gems most brilliant.

You are mine, O sainted Agnes,
Mine for model pure and stainless.
Be my heart like yours untarnished
By the tempter's breath of evil.

Be my life at least a tracing
Of those lines of light eternal
Which you left upon earth's pathway—
Left for guiding me and others.



MOUNT ST. JOSEPH MOTHER HOUSE.

Dedication Poem.

You all have read the story
Which I fain would tell today,
How the Royal Prophet David,
As a king held mighty sway,
How he conquered lords and leaders,
Spread his empire, day by day.

The glory of his kingdom
Was known thro' every land;
His armies marched to victory,
Blessed by the Almighty Hand,
And, onward to fulfillment,
Sped everything he planned.

But there burned within his spirit,
A zeal,—a holy fire:—
A temple to the Lord of Hosts
To build, was his desire—
Than all the works of man he'd make
This building, grander, higher.

Then spoke the Great Jehovah
Unto this Royal Son:
"The temple which thou plannest
By thy hands shall ne'er be done,
Content be thou with victories
Which thy armies great have won."

The years passed in their circuit
And peace crowned all his ways,
While Israel's name shone glorious
With religion's brightest rays:
Then God gave to King David
His last of earthly days.

Little Blossoms

To Israel's throne of splendor
Came Solomon the Wise:
His royal father's wish to him
Was more than courtly prize,
And he vowed that grandest temple
Would speedily arise.

Then, Hiram Great of Tyre,
Brought from his richest stores
Ten thousands talents of pure gold
And other costly ores,
And Cedars great of Libanus
Were laid on Israel's shores.

The hewers, masons, carvers,
Two hundred thousand strong,
Toiled on, and on, with vigor,
Thro' days of seven years long,
While naught was heard among them
But labor's busy song.

At last, the work was finished—
Such grandeur ne'er was seen,
All things within the temple,
Revealed a golden sheen,
And Solomon was happy,
In his majesty serene.

To the solemn dedication
Came Israel's children all.
No man could count the thousands
Inside the city wall:
For none but heard and answered
The King's inviting call.

Little Blossoms

"O God of Hosts!" prayed Solomon:

"This temple to Thy Name,
We offer with our service,
And all with loud acclaim
Beseech, today, Thy blessing,
And every day, the same.

"This temple which my Father
Had planned to build to Thee,
And which my eyes unworthy
Have had the grace to see,
How little in comparison,
Of Thy eternity!

"What is our Holy of Holies,
Tho' formed of purest gold,
And guarded by the Cherubim
Wrought in the finest mould,
Since e'en the Heaven of heavens
Thy greatness cannot hold!

"But show O God! Thy mercy
And let our every prayer
Within these sacred walls be heard
Thy suppliants ever spare.
We are Thy chosen people,
Thy blessings, let us share."

* * *

In this old-time Scripture story,
I have read our history, too,
Our wars were early struggles
Which needed heroes true,
Whom affection's magic wand, today,
Will gladly bring to view.

Little Blossoms

We look back years now fifty
And name the trials all.
Want stood where means were needed
To meet the Master's call,
When the plaints of the afflicted
On their sorrowing ears would fall.

Oh, could we count the labors,
The prayers, the fasts, the deeds,
The sacrifice of spirit,
The vigils, sufferings, needs:—
Then, heroes, each would name them
As the history she reads.

Perseverance marked their footsteps:
Every print we now can trace:
For the Valiant Women onward
Pressed, with earnest, godly pace,
That we might follow safely
Who are called to take their place.

When early trials vanished
And broader grew their world,
Did they rest? Behold the motto
On the banner they unfurled:
From out their path for "Charity"
Every obstacle they hurled.

Years passed:—the poor, the needy,
The illiterate and lone,
Had care and ease and comfort
For every woe and groan:
And God had given, likewise,
The place we call our own.

Little Blossoms

Then, like the great King David,
To realms of peace some passed,
Their longings lived in hearts that love
Their lives, a radiance cast,
And, with joy, we greet fulfillment,
Of their ardent hopes, at last.

Years seven, too, our temple,
Ere man's work on it was done.
But its gold thro' fires of sorrow
Half a century has run,
The gold which, most of all things,
Prize the Mother and her Son.

Our Sisters aged and weary
We congratulate, today.
The offering we are making
They gathered on life's way
When darkest hours were brightened
By this far-off, silvery ray.

They brought of gold the purest,
Love which has borne the test,
While myrrh was never wanting,
Or frankincense the best,
And now, they're sweetly waiting
Their never ending rest.

To Mary the Immaculate
We dedicate our shrine:
And while all arts and music
With tributes rich incline,
Her altar, with our gratitude,
Devotedly we twine.

Little Blossoms

The glory of our temple
Was never known of old;
The Saviour with us dwelling,
Our eyes of faith behold
And longing for His children
Rich graces to unfold.

Sing, then, each heart with gladness,
In love we all are one:
The departed, and the aged,
Whose course is well-nigh run.
Of maturer years, and youngest,
Whose work has but begun.

Our song of praise should lengthen
And fuller grow, each year,
Until the Master's voice shall sound
On our enraptured ear,
And "Come thou faithful one" be heard
In sweetest notes and clear.

Our Holy Father.

From pole to pole exulting sound
Rich hymns of praise and prayers profound,
For gloriously Christ's Vicar here,
Today fulfills his Silver Year.

His name is blessed throughout the world,
Where flag of nation is unfurled;
He sends his mandates 'round the globe,
Although he wears not royal robe.

Little Blossoms

Not royal robe—but richer far
Than emperor, or king, or czar.
Omnipotence has lent His power
To Leo for the Church's dower.

A triple crown his brow adorns,
And hides beneath a wreath of thorns;
For like His Master All Divine,
'Round Leo's heart man's sorrows twine.

St. Peter's keys to him are given,
That like the Heart of Jesus riven,
The Gate of Heaven opened wide,
All men may enter, e'er to bide.

Then, we the children of his love,
His cherished charge from God above,
Today should sing our truest song,
And words of praise and prayer prolong.

Long live our Pope, the great, the wise !
May God of Armies quickly rise
To overthrow the hostile bands
Which devastate Pope Leo's lands.

Pope Leo's lands are all the earth
Assigned to Him at Jesus' birth—
Jesus, our First High Priest, took, then,
As heritage the souls of men.

The Jordan.

The glorious sun in setting,
Had tinged the foliage grand,
The Jordan's crystal waters
Seemed filled with golden sand.
The wind disturbed the wavelets
And upward ripples threw,
All dazzling in the sunshine
With ever-varying hue.

The clouds above were mirrored
Within the Jordan's bed:
While on the banks bloomed flowers
With petals white or red.
The hills around were skirted
With trees and clust'ring vines
Which hung upon the branches
In strange fantastic lines.

On the green hillocks resting
The placid cattle lay,
Their keepers, nearby, chatting
To while the hours away.
Full oft their laugh resounded
The hills and vales along;
Their hearts no sorrow burdened,
Their joy broke forth in song.

Judea's people gathered
On Jordan's bank, that eve:
What was there in the river
Such tangled thoughts to weave?
Care sat upon their foreheads,
They spoke in whispers low:
The Messiah long expected,
Were they never Him to know?

Little Blossoms

A prophet, in the wilderness,
They late had heard to speak:
"The King," he said, "expected,
Was one both poor and meek.
On Jordan's bank unnoticed
Amongst them He had been,
Baptized in Jordan's water,
Tho' wholly without sin."

They spoke and wondered greatly
The mystery deeper grew,
While nature felt the secret
Known but to mortals few.
O hearts of men! how hardened!
And eyes of men! how blind!
Sin, draw aside thy curtain,
Let light pierce every mind.

Oh, trees, why stand ye silent?
Why do ye not rejoice,
When hearing from the desert
The Baptist's earnest voice?
"Prepare the way!" he crieth,
"Make straight the Lord's blest path,
Do penance, or, you'll perish,
Avert, thus, Heaven's wrath."

These words, ye leaves, now whisper!
And, Jordan, bear them on!
Ye hills, the echo carry!
Ye vales, retain them long!
Tell mankind that the Saviour
As shepherd here has trod:
How blessed is all nature
Thus near to feel—its God!

The Magi and the Innocents.

How still and calm and peaceful is the night,
All souls seem wrapped in gentle slumbers sound:
Behold that star in Orient so bright!
Its call to Magian hearts a welcome found.
From home they go with gifts of priceless worth:
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, fit emblems they
Of Him Who born a King, unknown on earth,
Who gave to night the stars—the sun,—today.
Blest Magi! haste to Bethlehem's humble town
And there in adoration lowly kneel
Before the Infant King, your God come down,
His love for man to show, His glory great conceal.
They speed their steps nor ever rest they e'en
Till nearing Herod's court, the star is gone:
Preplexed, they ask; but Herod has not seen
(The star was meant to guide them on)
His soul at once becomes a prey to crime.
What shall he do? A rival has appeared.
Young, He must be, not far advanced in time:
A king, base Herod, not a God had feared.
Straightway are edicts envious proclaimed,
And Bethlehem's babes, of years two, must be slain.
Vain king! thy futile efforts badly aimed,
Have filled high Heaven with a radiant train.
O mothers! cease your wailings, quickly rise,
Look up, beyond, behold your babes in bliss!
The Lamb's first fruits, oh, see with glowing eyes!
What greater, higher privilege than this!

Little Blossoms

Mother Seton's Centennial.

One hundred years have passed away, a century's course has run,
Since like a tiny seedling sown our Order was begun.
Then thro' our loved United States gleamed no cathedral spire;
Today above the gilded cross, scarce mountain peaks rise higher.
Thro' North and South and East and West, this land proclaims
God's own,
And Mary, Queen Immaculate, is placed on love's high throne.
In Maryland our work began, when Mother Seton's call
Straight from the Heart of Jesus came—her answer—"All for all!"
Beneath the Blue Ridge Snowy crest in lovely, peaceful dale,—
A gift to her, from God's own Hand, she placed St. Joseph's Vale.
She looked o'er all this country vast, mapped out its future great:
The little ones, she saw, must prove the strength of Church and State.
We marvel now at vision clear which saw Religion's field,
Which read, a century ago, its wondrous growth and yield.
We wonder more at strength of will and wealth of purpose high
Which sought in country ages old, a mode of life to try.
On plans of old, she based the new, America must grow
In Faith and Knowledge Heaven-sent, sweet Charity must show.
And so, God's weak and suffering poor, the weary and the lone,
She took unto her heart of hearts and made their cares her own.
Thro' sorrow's bitter pathway led, her patience faltered not,
While in her soul each virtue grew, as in fair garden spot.
Today her name is breathed in love thro' every clime and land,
Her followers by the thousand strong, go forth a joyous band.
St. Vincent's "Black Cap" Daughters all in prayer have asked and sung
Their Mother's name be placed on high the Saints of God among.
If miracles, as proof, be asked, her history writ and told,
Beside the Saints of other lands in letters stands pure gold.
Then let us all exultingly walk in her footsteps true—
Our Golden Jubilarians, have followed her, life through.
She sends them gratulations meet to mark this festive day
And bestows her sweetest blessing to attend us on life's way.

My Sister's Statue.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

On my mantel 'neath her picture,
Stands thy image, Mother fair,
Thro' her years of pain and anguish
Kept she it with tender care.

Flowers gathered in the wildwood,
First sweet harbingers of spring,
She would place before thy statue,
Her love's loyalty to bring.

Richer blossoms, man's care showing,
Tender vines or evergreen,
In her suffering hands she'd hasten
All to lay before her Queen.

Why, O Mother, did she suffer
Thro' those thirteen years—so long?
I must ask not—she ne'er murmured,
Faith and love in her were strong.

Miscellaneous.



THE OLD BIRCH TREE.

The Drooping Birch in Front of the
Mother House.

There's a tree before my window,
With its branches trailing low
Showing grace that man might covet
In their swaying to and fro.

Leaves as soft as downy feathers
Kissed by every zephyr fair
Tell their thanks in graceful motion
To the spring's fresh perfumed air.

And the straying sunbeams color
Ev'ry nodding leaf and stem,
While the dew on white bark glistens—
Nature's own resplendent gem.

Yet this tree with trailing branches
Has a dignity of mien
Which lends a royal presence
To all the beauteous scene.

So the drooping birch a lesson
To my spirit whispers low,
That the noble soul by bending,
Far lovier still may grow.

That grace of word and action
And charm of gentle face
Come always from the heart-depths,
And leave a lasting trace.

That with the mellowing touches
Which sorrow's hand will bring,
The dignity of kindness
To character will cling.

We'll stoop with tender manner
The lowliest to greet
And give a smile of sympathy
To everyone we meet.

All points of little moment
We'll yield with charming grace,
And meet our fellow-beings
True love-light on our face.

Thus a life of noble purpose
We shall show in all our ways,
While not for self—but others
We spend the passing days.

The Drooping Birch in Winter.

Your dainty swaying branches
In icy fetters strong
The Winter King is holding
While snow flakes whirl along.
The sun's rays kiss your cover
Each tiny twig is seen
Encircled o'er with diamonds
Of wondrous dazzling sheen.
Your crest of graceful branchlets
Fears not the Storm King's breath,
Nor thinks his cold embracing
The icy chill of death.
For after Winter snow clouds,
Will come the Spring's warm rain,
And your soft green garments growing
Will gird you o'er again.

Friendship.

This life so full of sorrow,
With its yearning for the morrow,
Has oft a hidden blessing
For the secret heart alone:
And the prize we hold the dearest
Is friendship the sincerest,
A flower which buds and blossoms
In a garden all our own.

I would crave no friendship other
Than the cherished love of brother
Which resists Time's ruthless finger
Marking all things for decay,
Whose insatiate tooth shall never
The threads pure golden sever:
For a brother's love endureth
Thro' God's own endless day.

What waves of grateful feeling
Come o'er my spirit stealing,
When with burning heart, I reckon
Years with happiness replete!
Heart to heart has spoken ever,
Counsels sweet have ended never,
Night e'er brings my prayers to Mary
Still her graces to repeat.

And when at morning waking,
Our orisons we're making,
Our names are intermingled
With the incense of our prayer.
Then, bowed in spirit lowly,
I beg the God All-Holy
To crown with love and blessing
My brother's greying hair.

Spring.

I love the April shower,
Each tiny woodland flower
Hid in its fairy bower,
And birds, too, on the wing.
I love the brooklet flowing
Which murmurs in its going—
“Be careful of your sowing,
It is not always spring.”

I love the sun's awaking,
Winter's icy fetters breaking,
And full possession taking
Of nature in the spring.
I love the breezes tender
And twigs and branches slender,
And clouds which showers render
And every earthly thing.

I love to watch the seeding
And the hoeing and the weeding,
In the spring-time labor reading
What man's toil may later bring.
How his soul to Heaven turning
From earth's uncertain yearning
Gains everlasting earning
When he kneels before his King.

Little Blossoms

Our Flag.

Borne aloft on the breeze, see it raised to the skies!
Our banner of Freedom, our glorious prize!
The bright "Stars and the Stripes," of base slavery the foe,
Liberty's herald and fell tyrants death-blow.
Its rank is the first, for it waves o'er the free:
It is hailed in all lands and the isles of the sea.
While the red of its stripes tells of noble blood shed,
Defending its honor, by our living and dead;
There's a record immaculate found in the white,
As we read there the annals of justice and right.
Like the skies overhead, star beset is its blue,
Bright beacon for nations to the shrine of the true.
From the North to the South, the far East to the West,
It floats on the winds 'neath the eagle,—its crest.
Oh, the millions who love it, and count it proud fame
To die in the cause of its glorious name!
Hearty plaudits all nations are ready to give
To our heroes of old and our heroes who live.
In a group, next to Washington, History beguiles
With Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, our Shafter and Miles:
Then Dewey and Sampson, with Hobson and Schley
All are crowned with a glory which comes from on high:
For the Lord God of Hosts put His might in their arm,
And they stayed the advance of War's ravaging storm.
Yes, they planted our banner on tower and mast
And their names shall be known while Columbia shall last.
And Columbia shall last, when the nations of old
Have sunk to oblivion 'neath time's heavy mould.
For Liberty lives and expands as she grows,
And shackles must break, as she bondage o'erthrows.

May the Red, White and Blue of our dear Stripes and Stars
Shine never again 'mid the darkness of wars.
May our flag stream fore'er to encircle the world,
Peace and justice embrace, wheresoe'er 'tis unfurled. .
And may Victory's laurel, now placed on our brow,
Win eternity's crown, when at God's throne we bow.

Bleeding Hearts.

Dear little hearts on slender stem,
So many and so red,
You carry me aback life's path,
And whisper words oft said.

Words sweet and soft and cherished, too,
And told in many a tongue:
But, 'round my heart your stillest tone
Most tenderly has clung.

I watch the opening spring-time, now,
As in those days of yore,
I see your buds expand and bloom,
Love's messages to pour.

I see you plucked by dearest hand
And stored with tender grace,
To keep for me a secret sweet,
In love's own hiding place.

Then, grow fore'er, dear little flower,
And keep our hearts still young:
The Heavenly Gardener blessed the earth
From which your beauty sprung.

Little Blossoms

The Stars.

Twinkle, glowing gems of night,
Tell us what great worlds you light.
Are you suns of other spheres?
Thus to Science it appears.

I can fancy Angels bright
Passing in their mystic flight.
Myriad your numbers seem,
Vast the space thro' which you gleam.

You're not greater than our earth,
Here the Saviour took His Birth,
Here He walked and wept and prayed,
Three and thirty years He stayed.

Did you envy our small globe
Which He trod in seamless robe?
How I wonder if alone
To our earth such grace was shown!

Last Day of March.

Stern March is loath to part with us,
Just hear his harsh good-bye;
He sends the snow a-whirling
Into spring's wide-opening eye.

His embrace is very chilly,
And we stand at winter's door,
As if to say, "We're done with you,
We want you here no more."

Little Blossoms

The timid shoots are shrinking
And the birds' bright songs are still,
The heaven's blue is hidden,
Checked is the voice of rill.

He's brought upon all nature
A lurking awe and fear:
For e'en the cattle seem to say,
"We wish he'd go from here."

We're ready now for April,
So sunny and so bright,
Who opens Nature's treasures
And sends us showers light.

The Dying Year's Message.

See! the snow is falling, falling,
Cov'ring earth with mantle soft,
And the year is calling, calling,
We have heard it, oh, how oft!
As it nears its end, it whispers:
"Foolish man, why wasting so,
Precious moments, gifts all golden,
As they swiftly come and go?"
In its passing, hark! it tells us
Heavenward our thoughts to raise,
That our lives should be a hymning
Of the great Creator's praise,
That the Past knows not an Easter;
For, our Resurrection Morn,
Tho' we see it in the Future,
In the Present shall be born.





CEDAR GROVE, PRICE HILL, CINCINNATI.

Little Blossoms

Cedar Grove Alumnae Toast.

Every grove has its flowers the fairest,
Which a richness of perfume exhale:
Our "Grove" tho' of "Cedars" has blossoms
Which modestly hide in the vale.
We find here the pure white of lily,
And Bethlehem Stars ever bright,
For our graduates' hearts are a garden
Where virtue has found her delight.
In the future may friendship caress them,
Their life be a calm summer day,
May God send His best gifts to bless them,
Fore'er in His own Royal Way.

Soliloquy.

Oh, my soul is full of gladness
And with thanks my heart o'erflows,
When I hear a warbling songster
Or look on blooming rose:
When I stoop, the modest violet
With eagerness to greet,
And catch the dainty fragrance
Of the vale's pure lily sweet!

How my heart expands with goodness!
Speak these blossoms frail and fair
"Our Maker is your Father
And you'll find Him everywhere."
I look up to the Heavens,—
Yes, I see His image there
And the fruitage and the harvest
Prove His ever watchful care.

Little Blossoms

Then, I summon my own spirit,
Tell it "Show me if you can
The perfect gift the Maker
With His image gave to man."
Then my soul's voice quickly answers:
"There is One without a stain—
Our Maiden Mother Mary,
Heaven's Queen fore'er to reign."

Retrospect.

I look adown the ninety years
Of life which have escaped from me,
And step by step, I follow fate
And note her works and stern decree.
A little child am I again,
With buoyant step and lightsome heart,—
Play is my life, and toys—my wealth,
But even then comes sorrow's dart.
A void I feel within my soul,
Which widens as I older grow:
To close the breach, in vain I try,
Until my God I learn to know.

A Wish.

When your rosary said,
In this case brightest red
Your beads you have placed for awhile:
May God's richest grace
Your life-work embrace.
Until it shall gain Heaven's smile!

Little Blossoms

“Why are Women With Us, Then?”

Imagine this earth with no bright cheering rays
To illumine the darkness 'mid long gloomy days:
With hurricanes wild sweeping recklessly by
Threatening quick desolation to all 'neath the sky.
What were this beauteous world with no zephyrs so soft
To entice the frail vine, like the stern oak aloft,
To send forth its blossoms, its leaves, and its shoots
And, in time, as a tribute, to offer its fruits.
What of life or of beauty would be at our hand,
Did rough winds or rough weather alone hold command?
Would the birds their sweet carols send forth from the grove
If with storms and with tempests they constantly strove?
Should no softening dew, but a cold heavy rain
Fall fore'er on the soil, would it not fall in vain?
'Tis a law of all nature that beauty is found
Where not force, but the mildest persuasions abound.
In the keen Northern clime, or, where hot winds are blown,
There is not to compare with our own Temperate Zone.
Like the physical world, is the moral in this:—
Without the “mean golden” there is nothing of bliss.
The “Lords of Creation” may a proud sceptre sway:
But their rule and their nation would be things of a day,
Did woman's mild influence ne'er soften their hearts,
And teach the most heavenly of civilized arts.
Did she hold not the place of a bright beacon star,
No sound but of tumult would come from afar.
Were she not the “lode-stone” of “Home Sweet Home,”
A wanderer, gloomy, man forever would roam.
If arguments further, you'd summon to show
That woman is needful for bliss here below,
For proofs of my statement to past ages turn,
Her “original untameness” I from no page can learn.

Little Blossoms

Confiteor.

The shades of Lent are falling fast
As on your letter, dear, I cast
With timid glance my frightened eyes
While conscious guilt sends forth the cries:
Confiteor, confiteor.

Your message clad in friendship's robe
And lessons culled from Holy Job
Came to my heart and "pigeon holes,"
Old Time stands not but onward rolls.
Confiteor, confiteor.

From Denver heights I pray smile down,
Unwise in Kodak days, to frown—
What threatened you about my hair?
That atmosphere is very rare!
Excelsior, confiteor.

I'll sit me down and woo you back
Old love is safe on any track.
Repentance asks, "Is it too late?"
You'll soon receive full pages eight.
Confiteor, confiteor.

I see you on Perfection's Mount
Your rapid strides I cannot count,
Your voice like softest murmuring rill
I hear grow fainter, fainter still.
Excelsior, excelsior.

Thoughts.

Soon must the swift running stream of our time
Blend with eternity's sea,
Oh, if our lives are but dreams of a dream,
What shall the wakening be?
E'en when our day, when this earth is no more,
Still must our spirits live on:
Happy, or hopeless, oh, which shall they be,
When for all time we are gone?

Happy indeed, if in life we have toiled
Not for the fleeting and vain.
If we have sought for eternal rewards,
Happiness thus shall we gain.
Hopeless our lot, if the lasting we spurn:
For, at eternity's dawn,
All that we've worked for or prized here in life,
Quick from our grasp shall be gone.

Then, as we hurry thro' life's busy maze,
Wise let us be for our soul.
Chase not the phantoms which vanish away,
But steadily march to our goal.
Follow the pathway, tho' rugged and steep,
Over which heroes have gone;
Then, shall we bask in the noontide of light
Which for all ages has shone.

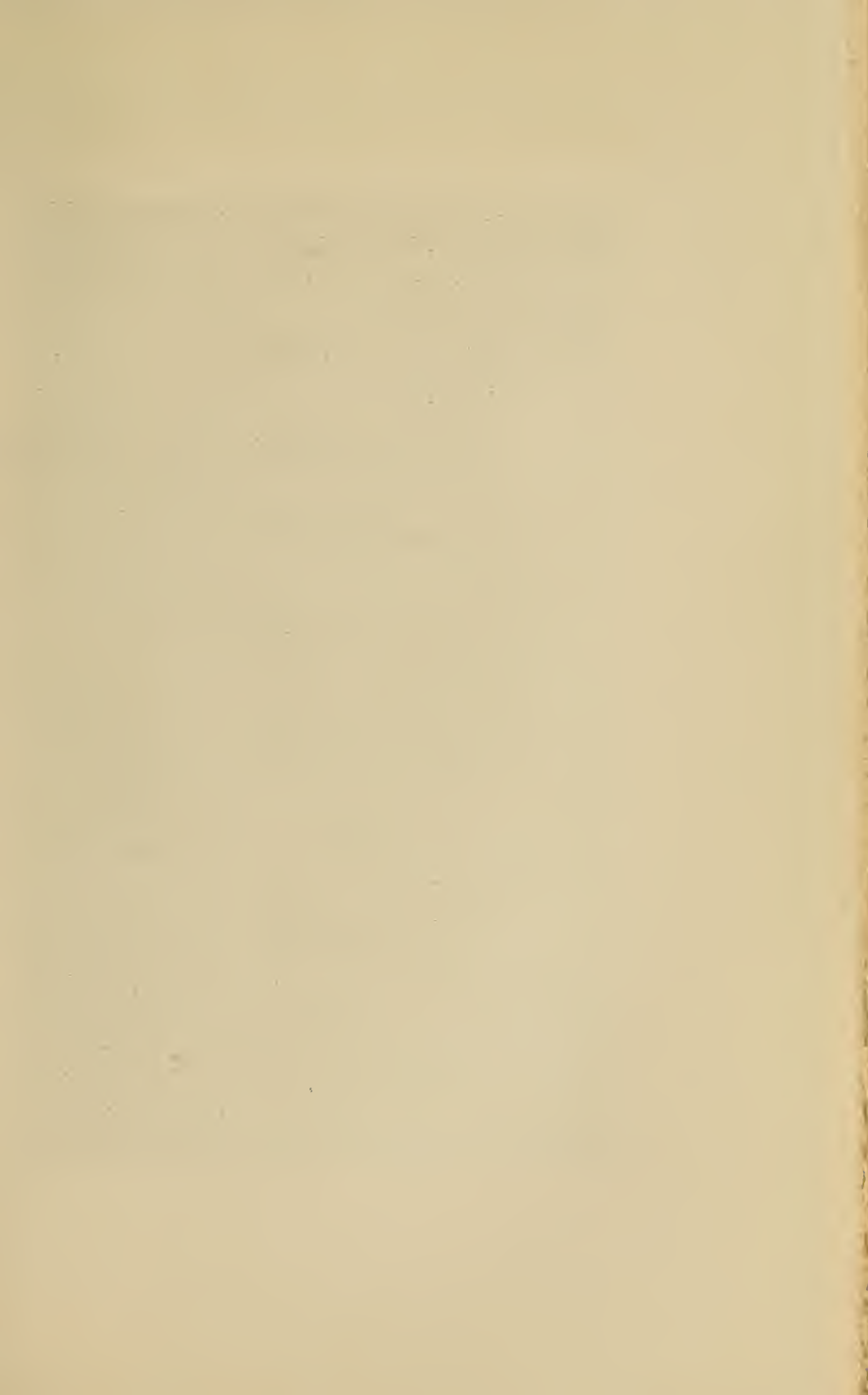
Little Blossoms

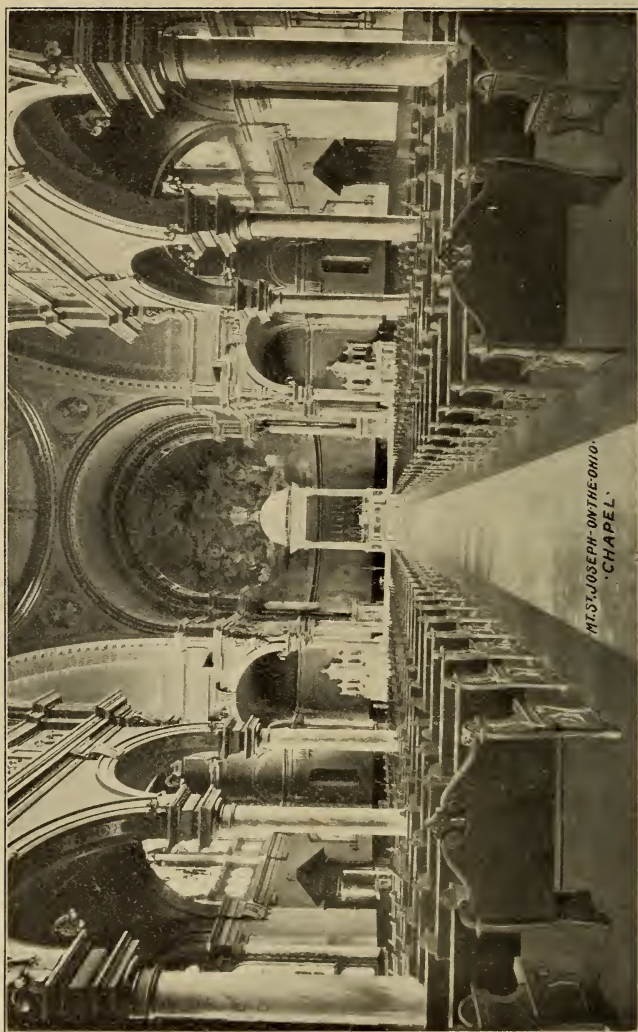
For an Album.

What wish shall I write, Mamie dear, on this page?
An innocent girlhood, a good ripe old age?
Tho' lightly I've written these words, they contain
What I'd pen were I now in a serious strain.
Life's just what we make it, so then, Mamie dear,
Let your forces on virtue's side always appear.
Shun the glare and the show and the tinsel of life
And exult in the wounds of a glorious strife.
When God calls you home, Life's drear pilgrimage o'er
Your merits you'll find on Eternity's shore.
Up higher, and higher, your soul they will bear
Till the glory of Angels and Saints you will share
Then God's Hand will place virtue's crown on your brow
When led by His Mother, at His Throne you will bow.

A Wish.

From a Sister's heart sincerely
Gushes forth the wish today,
That thy future years be happy,
Toiling up the narrow way—
Up the straitened road made pleasant,
By our model, gone before;
Him, the Crucified, the Holy
Whom all Heaven and earth adore.





ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, OHIO.

Little Blossoms

First December Eighth in New Chapel.

May I trace as a vision, dear Mother,
The joy of your spirit today,
As you knelt in most prayerful thanksgiving
And beheld of God's beauty a ray?

Did our Mother's sweet smile seem to tell you
No picture on earth is more true?
That her Son looks with love on the artist
And showers His graces on you?

Oh, your soul must be flooded with blessings
And your heart with pure love must abound,
While your children, the near and the absent,
In spirit and truth gather 'round.

And their voices are hymning the praises
We all love in Faber's sweet song,
And their hearts the loved word still are saying
"Immaculate!" all the day long.

And they speak to their Mother the purest,
While she listens with love-light serene.
Of us happy mortals, she's Mother,
While of Angels, she's only the Queen.

Go, tell to her, then dearest Mother,
All we need, all you hope for and pray.
She will turn to her Son and He'll grant her
Whatever you ask her, today.

June 4, 1883.

O God! we bow in anguish beneath this chastening blow:
The timid, creeping vines are left, the noble tree laid low.
Beneath wide-spreading branches of hope and trust and love,
Sweet peace was ever 'round us, a sky serene above.
Days came and went, and seasons followed with quickening speed,
Bearing each its wondrous record of many a noble deed.
The Gospel's "Valiant Woman," yet more, a mother true,
With will so strong and heart so warm, on earth there are but few,
Truth, honor, and high principle set on her queenly brow.
And neither heart nor thought nor will to aught but such could bow.

In Memoriam.

Gone! in the spring of his life-time,
Gone! with his course just begun,
Gone! from the hearts that would hold him—
To bask 'neath Eternity's Sun.

Hearts that are breaking with anguish,
Hearts that cry out for his love,
Hearts, for whose void, there's no filling,
Behold him with Seraphs above!

O Father! so noble in giving,
O Mother! a martyr in grief,
Sisters and Brothers, God give you—
He only can give you—relief!

God took him with garments unspotted,
' God called him with heart all His own,
God loved him and placed him forever,
An ornament, close to His throne.

Little Blossoms

Two years! oh, how short in their passing,
Two years with rich blessings apace,
Two years, in which daily he offered
His God, on the Altar of Grace.

Oh let us bow low in our anguish,
And let us scan earth's hidden snares,
Then, let us rejoice he's escaped them,
That the laurel of victory he wears.

Tho' long may be years of sad waiting,
Tho' sore be our hearts, all the while,
Tho' weary, and desolate and dreary,
At length! 'twill be God and his smile.

A Cypress Branch.

Gone forever, closed life's portals,
He has passed away:
To his Maker's Hands returning
Soul from form of clay.

There he found his life-work waiting,
Every kindly deed,
Sacrifice of self for others
Suffering pain or need.

Now, his great soul finds its answer,
Brilliant thoughts now see:
Earth and weary care have vanished,
Past is mystery.

Little Blossoms

Gathered 'round his bier in mourning
Low with grief bowed down,
Daughters, brothers, friends unnumbered
Offer love's last crown.

Heroes all must pass thro' conflict,
Cypress grows near bay:
After life's one night of sorrow
Comes eternal day.

A Christian Death.

Christ is risen: death is conquered,
Heaven's gates are opened wide.
Mortals, cease your sighs of anguish,
Glorious is the Crucified.

He is risen, and His followers
Forth their songs of triumph pour.
They have gained the palm of conquest,
Passing thro' life's closing door.

What to them are sorrows vanished!
What their burden of the Cross!
What, indeed, that days were shortened!
Life to them was gainful loss.

That the exile's term is ended,
That he lays his burden down,
Who shall weep or gaze in sorrow?
Thus he gains the victor's crown.

Little Blossoms

Want has blessed him; Care has praised him:
From his hand, both comfort won.
And Religion ever claimed him
As her true and faithful son.

Short his life, but full of merit:
Nothing vain by him was sown:
Whilst he raised to God, a temple,
God prepared his heavenly throne.

Let the widow and the orphans
And the aged mother, too,
Pierce the clouds of earthly darkness,
See his resurrection true.

Then they'll chant their Alleluias!
For the obstacles o'erthrown:
Their own troubles, too, will vanish,
Angels will remove the stone.

To a Mother.

You mourn, O tender Mother!
Your loved one called so soon,
You miss his boyish spirits,
His laugh, his merry tune.

You listen for his footstep,
His cheery word of hope;
His future had no limits,
Wide his ambition's scope.

Strong was his Faith, and active,
His Charity so true:
A nobler son or brother
Or friend, none ever knew.

Little Blossoms

While hearts are gathered 'round you,
In sympathetic love,
They see the mourned one happy
In God's own home above.

Then, cease, O Christian Mother!
Your tears and groanings deep:
The sorrows of the present,
A great reward will reap.

What if our dear ones sooner
Are gathered to the fold?
How sweet will be their welcome
When life's last day is told!

Then endless bliss our portion,
Partings, never, never more:
Such joy is worth life's trials
Encountered o'er and o'er.

A Tribute of Thanks.

'Tis the hour we love most that passes
As a cloud from a clear summer sky:
And the pleasures we fain would have tarry,
Ever onward keep hurrying by.

So, two weeks in their fruit rich and golden,
Brief in passing, yet, lingering still.
Thro' our lives shall their mem'ry run ever,
Sweet and clear, as the soft-flowing rill.

Little Blossoms

We have seen the old poets come forward,
Allured by the charm of thy voice:
Their noblest thoughts leave the dead pages,
Clothed in sound, heart and ear to rejoice.

We love the sweet bird for its carol,
Its rich notes of gladness and glee,
But what the bright songster lacks noblest,
We find all embodied in thee.

Thy tones in their eloquence richer,
Our warmest affections must win:
For they're but as a messenger telling
Of the true, noble soul that's within.

There is pleasure in Nature's rich beauties,
Blossoms spread o'er earth, gladden our eye,
And with thanks to the Great Benefactor,
We behold the rich fruitage on high.

But, while to the bird we yield tribute,
To the fruit and the flower, full praise,
Our souls' noblest off'rings and greetings
Are due for thy Banquet of Lays:

Full of gratitude, then we'd fain tell thee
Our thanks, in this plain, little rhyme
Be thou blessed in thy home, in thy children,
Be thou blessed thro' all ages of time.

Still, further the blessing we'd carry:
For, borne on the incense of prayer,
Thy name wafted heavenward always,
Shall make thee a resting-place there.

What our words could not say in their weakness,
'Mid these petals and leaflets, we wove,
And thou must read there thanks and greetings,
From each sincere friend at the Grove.

Little Blossoms

Greetings.

Thro' our garden bowers, 'mid grove and vine,
We sought for a chaplet, for thee to twine:
But o'er all the fragrance, anear and far,
Th' aroma came to us, of a good cigar.

So, leaving the rose with its honeyed breath,
And the lily's marble brow of death,
We gathered a plant, shriveled tho' it may be,
Something says, to thy sight it will pleasant be:

And, as for its fragrance! we know all too well,
How gentlemen love, in such perfume to dwell.
So, cozily rolled, is each plain little leaf
Commissioned, our greeting to offer in brief.

May Offering.

A little child in early May
Said to herself in converse sweet,
"The rosary I'll say each day,
Sweet Mary, thus, I'll daily greet."

The flowers bloom throughout the woods,
The birds their carols gaily sing,
And happy children far and near
To Mary's shrine their garlands bring.

The little maid is poor and blind:
She cannot roam the woodland o'er:
But, see! her hands keep reckoning
The beads she counts by many a score.

Little Blossoms

Her sweet voice warbles hymns of praise
And rivals birds in silvery tone.
Hear how it soars and trills on high,
Until it reaches Mary's throne.

At last her Angel Guardian comes
To take the little wand'rer home.
Her sightless eyes see Heaven's light,
Her feet o'er earth no more will roam.

They robe her in a spotless white
Of purity an emblem meet,
They place her rosary in her hands,
Lo! every bead, a lily sweet.

Then those who kneel around her form
No tear can shed,—they know her joy:
Her lips, they smile and seem to say—
In Heaven what peace without alloy!

A Souvenir.

For your "treasure box"—something, a sweet souvenir?
Is that what you ask of me, Mamie, my dear?

Well, child, here before me are small emblems three,
Of the greatest of virtues Faith, Hope, Charity.

Could I make these high gifts of God brighter in you,
'Twere a treasure, dear Mamie, for Angels to view.

Little Blossoms

For an Album.

If thou wouldst happy be, my dear,
Thro' all thy future hours,
Cull now, in girlhood, basketsful
Of virtues' fairest flowers.
They will not die or change a hue
But brighter grow and sweeter;
Just like the years as we grow old
Much shorter seem and fleeter.
Whate'er thou'lt make thy life to be
That will it be, my dearie,
So now to work, while yet thou'rt young,
And grow thou never weary.
If thou wouldst scale the mountain top,
Remain not in the valley:
But venture forth and struggle up,
And all thy forces rally.
'Tis thus we gain whate'er we prize:
No good e'er comes of sighing;
The goal ahead will soon be reached
If we resort to trying.

A Christmas Wish.

At Christmas-tide, for thee, my friend,
I beg in earnest prayer,
That God's great glory be the end
Of all thy work and care:
That "Peace to men" thou mayest bring,
In word, in deed, in thought:
So, be thy life, thro' seasons all,
With Yule-tide blessings fraught.

Little Blossoms

Air Castles.

Three-score and ten I number now,
Time's ploughed deep furrows on my brow:
I've ceased o'er long to chase on high
The richly-gilded butterfly.
I've found that most of earthly things
Are well provided with fleet wings:
When oft my hand I'd stretch to grasp
A something which I ne'er could clasp—
The thought would come—"How strange life seems,"
Are all our projects only dreams?"
'Twas thus until experience taught
That airy castles fall to naught.

Treasures of the Deep.

Wild were the winds at even, about the sea-girt shore,
Dark lowered the angry heavens, dread was the tempest's roar.
From out a safe protection, I, in my childish glee
Beheld without reflection, the danger-threatened sea.
A hoary-headed sailor, in rapturous awe stood near,
His face, each moment, paler, tho' not, I ween, from fear.
"My child," he said in accents which spoke the surging breast,
"Full forty years I've baffled the ocean's wild unrest:
'Mid scenes like this I've wandered and oft recrossed the main,
My heart e'er grows the fonder, its waves my hopes retain.
Talk not to me of heroes who proudly tread the land,
'Neath the foaming waves and billows lie the bravest of our band.
They were, in truth, real heroes, braving danger's darkest night
And they asked not that their actions be inscribed on pages bright.
No, they did their parts all nobly, worked for fame that's not of time,

Little Blossoms

They were men with manly bosoms, tending to an aim sublime.
'Round them night and day, God's vastness, in the sea and sky
displayed

Removed every sordid longing and true nobles of them made.
Oh, the ocean, wild, tempestuous, rushing to and fro so free:
Bears within its mighty bosom, lessons all unknown to thee.
Had I poet's tongue, I'd tell thee that beneath the flowing tide
There are caves and mountains grander than all the world beside.
How the ocean, rising, falling, laves the caverns of the deep,
Where are hid unnumbered jewels, treasured there in silent sleep.
Caves of coral, rich in shading, set with sapphires, diamonds rare,
Shells of glowing rainbow colors, holding pearls of lustre fair,
Wealth of ages brightly glist'ning on the mountain's towering peak—
Earthly charms bear no comparing, and not rashly do I speak.
For beneath the waters angry, full many a fathom low,
As a diver, I descended where the silent currents flow.
I could sing of coral cities and of fairy sea-weed bowers
Where the mermaids twine their tresses, and while the gladsome
hours,

I could tell of mighty monsters that a constant vigil keep,
And of myriad tiny insects working marvels in the deep.
Beneath the unconscious sea-foam, washed by the surging tide
Guarded by jealous waters, Nature's rarest charms abide.
Earth may tell of noble structures, all her varied grandeur name—
Treasures like unto the ocean's, were never known to fame.
Earth may revel in her music all her wealth of melody,
But for me,—the wild, sad harmony and music of the sea."
The storm had almost ended, the moon's pale silver light
Fell o'er the troubled waters, ere the seamen bade "good-night."
I still looked out thro' the darkness and into the Future's sea,
And thought of Life's broad ocean, yet to be sailed by me.

Little Blossoms

I scanned its peaceful surface, dived 'neath its foaming waves,
Looked at the wreck of ages hid in its mystic caves.
I saw there glistening currents, where scarcely a ripple floats,
Where heart's hide their deepest secrets, and souls, their tenderest
notes;

There gleamed forth the mind's pure jewels reflecting Heaven's own
light

Like to the Deep's rich treasures stored from our mortal sight.
There were virtues of purest lustre formed e'en in sorrow's night
Plain, unembellished heart-gems, with mildest radiance bright:
Then, sadly I gazed at virtues with passions thick gath'ring 'round,
Like pearls in the ocean's caverns 'mid the harrowing debris found.
I recoiled at the horrible monsters which boldly their presence showed,
With the gentle, the pure, and holy, side by side, in that vast abode.
My heart quailed at the hurrying tempests bearing frail barks along
And I asked: Will I ever be able to cope with a current so strong?

Can I pass o'er the seething billows of Life's unsettled sea
And the brine of its bitter waters be yet untasted by me?
Shall I glide along in my voyage, 'neath a clear and cloudless sky,
While the ruin of other vessels with the current keeps hurrying by?
Dare I tempt its angry waters for the treasures its depths contain?
Will its syren voice deceive me with its music and glad refrain?
Shall the beckoning peaks of its mountains, my soul's deep ambition
stir,

Till I scale their heights for the fleeting, while the lasting I weakly
defer,

Dare I breast its seductive currents, in their onward, hurrying flow,
Or trust the heavens above me, more than the waters below?
Will my strength be aught for the voyage, will my sight be clear to
guide,
Shall I know the harbor of safety where my ship may securely bide,

Little Blossoms

Shall I trust the shore that receives me, or the smile on faces I meet
Can I read aright the message, each soul sends, my soul to greet?
O God! I cried in my terror, Thou Master of wind and wave!
To Thee I come in my weakness—Thou only art able to save,
From the shoals and the whirlpool protect me, O God! Thou alone
art strong
To Thee I consign my vessel! to Thee shall I ever belong!

Shadows.

Thy way may oft be saddened
And crossed by sorrow's form:
But the darkest clouds not always
Predict a coming storm.

Bright days have oft succeeded
Dawns almost shorn of light:
So, in our lives, deep shadows
May not portray the night.

And e'en when sorrow cometh,
We may look for joy at hand:
They seem to me twin sisters
Gliding swiftly o'er the land.

Turn, then, thy eyes to Heaven
And trust thy all to God.
Forget not, pain and sorrow
Marked the path our Saviour trod.

The Watchers.

'Twas a glorious night,
The moon shone bright,
The stars all brilliant were—
When we four sat
To watch for that
Old robber that didn't stir.

He stirred mayhap,
But did not rap
At doors of ours around.
Nor did we spy
Him creeping by,
Quite softly o'er the ground.

The night was chill
But we had our fill
Of wrappings and of shawls:
For Gertrude made
A wondrous raid
On those hung in the halls.

"If we must work,
We'll not it shirk,"
'Twas thus she thought and said,
As 'round she came
With pickles and game
And slices of buttered bread.

Then fell to her post
As hot as toast,
Wrapped up in a dozen shawls,
Till the clock struck four:
When we watched no more:
But made haste to the upper halls.

Little Blossoms

Ignatia cool,
'Tis e'er her rule
To take ease when she can,
Just sat her down
Without a frown
To look out for the man.

Content she was
To yield to laws
Which made her guard that night:
For well she knew
That robbers few
Would give us e'en a fright.

Francesca hied
To the eastern side,
And shouldered there, her gun.
Her big brown eyes
From earth to skies
She turned till rise of sun.

But naught she saw,
Tho' filled with awe
At strange sounds from below,
A key would turn (?)
And her heart would burn—
With courage all aglow.

The study hall,
A room not small
I paced for many an hour.
Sleep off I shook
And glances took
At paths and shady bower.

Little Blossoms

Steps oft I'd hear
And think—"He's near,
The lad for whom we're staying:"
But just as e'er
What's looked for ne'er
Comes on without delaying.

Dark shadows flung
The trees among
Did many a strange shape borrow,
No human form
With thought of harm
Came forth, much to our sorrow.

The night was spent
In vain intent
Of doing something great—
'Twould be a relief
Could we catch the thief,
But he was for us—a mate.

A Wish.

Dear Josie, may you ever, as day is added unto day,
Gather rich fruits of virtue for life's tempestuous way.
Scatter blossoms sweet of kindness so dear to every heart
Along your daily pathway: 'tis every Christian's part.
Be pure and good and earnest, heaven is for the true:
Real pleasure is in virtue, this thought, keep e'er in view.
The soul in prayer soars upward and thro' life's mortal strife,
Will learn the benedictions of Heaven's endless life.
Our Mother Mary loves us! what greater bliss to know!
She'll guard our footsteps ever as we journey here below.

Little Blossoms

Four O'Clock Warbler.

O birdie sing! How sweet each note
You pour from tiny graceful throat!
It makes my soul with joy abound
Whilst listening to your tuneful sound.

Your words not mine, and yet my heart
Must in your bliss and thanks take part.
I seem to know what you would say
When warbling soft at break of day.

From out my slumbers called by you,
I give my heart to God anew.
With your sweet notes my prayer ascends
To ask fresh grace for all my friends.

Happy Birthday.

Happy birthday greetings, Sadie,
May thy future years be blest:
Whate'er sorrow shall assail thee,
Let it not destroy thy rest.

For, remember, care and sorrow
Are man's portion here below:
But they herald a tomorrow
Saddened not by tears of woe.

Then, dear Sadie, turn thou ever
To that God Whose child thou art:
He'll protect thee and will sever
Each dark chain which binds thy heart.

Little Blossoms

With courageous heart press onward
In thy duty swerving not:
Angel hands will keep the record
Mark with love thy good deeds wrought.

All our blessings shall attend thee!
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And we'll hope to meet our Sadie
In our bright eternal Home.

A Prayer.

A gift for thee, what shall I ask?
All blessings great and small?
My child, I'll ask a greater still
That life's ills ne'er appall.

Sweet may its passage be for thee,
Joys truest, always thine:
A little sorrow chasteneth too,
Of God's elect, the sign.

Safe in His arms repose, my child,
He'll steer thy bark aright:
Thou needst not fear the breaker's force,
Nor dread the darkest night.

Life's pleasures vain and shallow are
Unblest by God's sweet smile,
Wish not for them, despise them all:
They touch but to defile.

A noble heart possess fore'er
True to thyself and God,
Then happy thou and blest the path,
E'en 'neath life's sorrowing rod.

In Adverse Hours.

Where are now the friends we cherished?
Where's their longed-for love to soothe?
Are they near with strengthening comfort
Life's dark path and rough to smoothe?
Ah! they're weak, but would be loyal,
Trust we much to mortal mould:
Jesus longs for our affection
And our human hearts to hold,
But we give, and give most freely
Almost force the gift so great
To the keeping of His creatures
Asking Him, meanwhile, to wait.
In life's dark, oppressive hours,
Friendship often yields to fear;
Few will bravely breast the current
And our threatened bark stay near.
But we blame not this their weakness,
None find fault with sightless eyes:
No one chides the knife of surgeon
Used by master-hand and wise.
God is over all our happenings
And He smites thro' love alone:
Quick His ear to catch each quiver
Of our suffering hearts and moan.
In our hours of double anguish
We shall ask His love to bless
Those who know not what we suffer
That we miss their fond caress.

Little Blossoms

Day of Profession.

My heart turns to you, my own sister,
As I trace the years thirty-five gone,
To the morn when in novice's habit
I was clothed at the earliest dawn.

It was your bridal day, oh, my sister,
With what fervor your lips spoke the word
Which made you His faithful one ever
And the depth of your deepest love stirred!

I can see you now beaming with gladness
See the smile which e'en yet is your own,
Watch your form with youth's buoyancy springing,
Hear you greet me in happiest tone.

Then I scan year by year as it passes,
And with sisterly pride see well-filled
Your measure of days, with kind actions,
Read the lessons your life-work instilled.

How oft have your praises from others
For the hope and the strength they had gained
By your earnest example and helping,
My soul's drooping spirits sustained!

You are strong, O my Sister, in loving,
Greater faith than yours ne'er can be found;
Your brilliant mind ne'er has been darkened,
And your hope leaps beyond earthly bound.

Like your own dear St. Francis, God sent you
The wounds which Love gives to its own—
Hands and feet, yes, and heart too, have known them,
A martyr, you'll stand near His Throne.

Little Blossoms

In each agonized hour I'm with you,
In the lonely nights, think of me near.
Not a pain, nor can anguish come to you,
Which I have not suffered, first, here.

But we know that His visits are blessings,
That ere long, we shall meet far above,
Mother and father and brothers—
To spend with them, ages of love.

Acrostic.

Myrtle leaves I twine for you with floral gifts today.
Anemones, so delicate, my sweetest wishes say.
Red flowers from the "Burning Bush" that friendship true will stay.
Iris blue, a message takes of prayer to shield from harm.
Each blossom that I cull for you, love's nosegay helps to form.

Magnolia blooms and fragrance rich will weariness destroy.
Cape Jasimine says your heart is full of pure and girlish joy.

Carnations hold their heads so high, they pleasure oft dispel.
Use Olive branch your whole life through, of peace serene to tell.
Lilacs send their fragrant flowers to turn our thoughts to God.
Lilies pure and violets lie hidden in the sod.
Our Mother Mary's spotlessness, the first of these portray.
Unless we stoop, we cannot find where royal purples stay.
Geranium of roseate hue, high character will show.
Hearts-ease—From out your memory, I would not wish to go.

Little Blossoms

Quod Non Aeternum, Nihil Est.

Our paths are thickly strewn with care,
Life's pleasures, fleeting are, at best:
May well our hearts the lesson learn
Quod non aeternum, nihil est.

Today our friends will sweetly smile,
Tomorrow's sun shall rise and set:
But, ere its setting, we shall find
Quod non aeternum, nil valet.

All things of earth are bubbles vain
Alluring with their rainbow hue:
Thy heart too noble is for such
Nil non aeternum, ames tu.

Christmas Greetings, 1900.

Flowers you love for their beauty,
Pure pearls from the dark blue main:
But you prize more than all such treasures,
Glowing thoughts from the poet's brain.

Tho' I claim not the poet's rich fancy,
I will write you the thoughts which now come:
Whispers sweet from the far away Heaven
Come back o'er our life's busy hum.

The strains which my spirit now catches
And which the air stirr'd softly brings,
Are those from the Angels' sweet anthems,
Which only the Angels can sing.

Little Blossoms

Oh, they're telling to us happy mortals
That earth has begun a new morn,
That, the Orient, King of all Brightness:
Has, this day, as the Christ-Child been born.

And the air, it is filled with sweet singing
While the zephyrs keep listening still,
To the "Glory to God in the highest"
And "Peace unto men of good will!"

Oh, Heaven, today, would be empty,
Did Heaven not reach to the earth:
For the Choirs Celestial are thronging
'Round the lowliest spot of Christ's birth.

And, so, dearest Sister, we're happy
And children we all are today,
Since the God of the Ages Eternal,
In Bethlehem's manger lay.

I bring you a sprig of bright holly:
How red is its berry with love!
How green are its leaves with endurance!
Crowned when we all meet above.

The mistletoe, too, will I offer:
For, its tears are not flowing you see;
Sorrow has lost its deep anguish
Since Christ came, our Brother to be.

Have my words failed to carry in music
The Angels' sweet message for you?
Then, my limning is all that is erring:
For the song was rich melody true.

God give you a Yule-tide most happy,
Your longings I know you shall win:
For the soul which loves only true beauty,
Has treasures unending within.

Little Blossoms

Christmas Greetings, 1901.

When I gather a few of my verses
For a Rose of the Musical Clime,
I feel that my lines should be ringing
With richness of rhythm and rhyme.

Shall I stay in the present with duty,
Or, turn to the past with our loves?
Ah! the young are God's sweetest of blossoms.
Their hearts pure as heavenly doves.

Drop of years—shall I say it?—three decades,
Then the picture I'll paint you tonight,
Of your spring-time of life and loved faces,
Will seem as of yore, ever bright.

Do you hear their glad voices at even?
Are you kneeling beside them at prayer?
Have your class-books the look as of olden?
The only thing bringing you care?

Do I see you now reading a letter?
From "Dear old Pa Nestor" I know,
Naught else in those sunny days, Rosie,
Caused such love-light of pleasure to glow.

Where are now all those dear ones we cherished?
Some are far, few are near, many gone,—
Gone over the billows forever,
Awaiting Eternity's dawn.

We are here and we love to turn backward
The heart's gaze on faces we knew,
Their smiles chase the gloomiest shadows
And life's restless longings subdue.

Little Blossoms

Some, like us, are still breasting the breakers,
And watching the storm clouds roll by,
Are fearing lest leaks in the timbers
May show, ere the harbor be nigh.

And others we've lost in the mazes
Of fashion and gayety's throng:
We feel that their hearts still are golden
Tho' lured by mirth's syren-like song.

You are sweeping the chords of earth's music,
While learning the technique of love:
That a Cross and a Thorn-Crown and Lancet
Are the key-notes in Heaven above.

And I? Well, I'm watching your progress,
And learning life's lessons by heart.
We must drink of Christ's Chalice, my sister,
Or not of His Kingdom take part.

We have arms, the most potent, dear Rosie,
Of Charity sweet and of prayer;
Let use them with earnest devotion
For Heaven, our trysting-place fair.

“Domine, Adauge Mihi Fidem.”

Increase the Faith which came to me
Thro' dear ones now with Thee:
Give me their Robe of Justice found,
Their hope which leaped all earthly bound,
Religion's wealth—a goodly store,
Give me their love—and more.

A Day Dream.

I dreamed of you my darling,
In my waking hours, too,
I saw the tear-drops raining
From your tender eyes of blue.
I could even hear your heart-throbs
And your spirit moaning low,
When the dismal form of sadness
From your presence would not go.
Quick my heart leaped forth in pity,
Reached my hand your grief to stay,
When I saw the Master walking
Close beside you, on the way.
I drew apart and watched you
As He gazed with loving eyes
And I felt the burden heavy
At His touch would surely rise.
On my knees I dropped and begged Him
My precious one to aid,
His answer—"Long I loved her
Ere the firmament was made."
But I felt a further whisper
My deepest soul entwine:—
"The heart untouched by sorrow,
Ne'er can enter into Mine."
So, resigned, I bowed my spirit
To His Will for you and me,
The Spouse of Christ must suffer,
To make perfect—Charity.

Little Blossoms

Love's Whisper.

Over many paths we've wondered
In the years which lie between
Our youthful days so golden
And life's wintry season keen.

We've crossed the mountain's summit,
We've looked beyond the plain,
We've scanned oft-changing landscapes,
In nature's wide domain.

We've read life's secrets written
On glad or grief-worn face,
We've seen the buoyant marching
And met laggards in the race.

But the lesson learned,—the sweetest,
Thro' all the changing years
And shifting scenes of life-time,
Is Charity sincere.

It asks us to deal gently,
To judge not act or thought,
To make our journey blessed
With only kindness fraught.

It finds the truths most hidden,
Develops graces fair,
It brings to light and brilliancy
Heart-gems most rich and rare.

It tarries not with mortals,
But rises to His throne,
With those who've gained love's coronet
Who lived for Love alone.

Little Blossoms

Life's Lesson.

There are seasons of sadness and longing,
There are seasons of gladness and gain,
There are days when we hear but joy's singing,
There are days when we know but life's pain.
We cling to the hours that are brightest,
Turn away from a cloud covered sky,
We take to our hearts joys the lightest,
Brush away sorrow's tear from the eye.
But always there comes with life's trials
A peace born in Heaven, we know;
Lowering clouds are but veils which are hiding
God's sunshine's enveloping glow.

Once I Knew a Lily.

Once I knew a lily fair to look upon;
Glowing in the noonday, placid in the dawn.
Like to softest velvet was its spotless cup,
And it stood so hopeful, telling all—"Look up!"
One dark day I saw it, with a drooping brow,
Chilling winds had touched it, gone its brightness, now.
"Tender flower," thought I, "gentler breeze shall blow,
Soothing dew-drops moisten, warmth restore life's glow."
Glad, once more, I saw it, Zephyrs 'round it then,
Warningly, I whispered, "Storms may come again;
But in gale or calmness exhale happiness.
Pouring out love's portion, keeping none-the-less."
For life's lesson teaches joyousness expands;
Generously giving fills both heart and hands.
And the golden pistil, in my lily fair,
Pointing up to Heaven says—our gain is there.

Little Blossoms

Feast of the Purification.

A year, my dear Sister, has vanished,
A year—shall I call it—of grace?
Let me read in its passage a story—
A story, time ne'er may efface.

Bright the lights in your chapel, that morning,
Our Lady's sweet Feast had rolled 'round,
And candles were blessed for the Altar
With rites which are always profound.

Then followed the Sacrifice Holy,
Love's victim was offered anew:
Prayers for living and dead the priest offered,
But the tenderest prayers were for you.

We knelt, you and I, close together:
I knew well your burden of prayer.
On your brow was the shadow of sorrow,—
A shadow which vanished not there.

It came not to pay you a visit,
But to walk by your side, night and day—
I have seen it, I know it, I've felt it—
Every phase I can clearly portray.

But, that shadow, my Sister, has brought you
Abundance of grace and sweet peace:
To your loneliest heart Jesus whispered,
"My child, all your cares, I'll release."

He looked back thro' many long ages,
Saw His Mother's Pure Heart deeply stirred
When from Simeon's lips, "Holy Maiden,
Thy soul shall be pierced," Mary heard.

Little Blossoms

And, the Heart of our God, oh, so tender,
On His Mother's Pure Feast could not will
That your soul should be surged by dark billows
And He said to the waters "Be still!"

He sent you His Comforting Angel
With a promise of brightness in store,
It is coming,—the cloudlets are breaking,
Joy is launching her bark for Love's shore.

By your side I'll not stay in the dawning
Of an hour I've wished you for long,
But in spirit I'll witness its beaming
And join in your soul's grateful song.

New Little Martha.

Ah, little stranger, how welcome you are,
Your father's own cradle possessing!
So short seems the while since his own baby smile
Joyed the heart of his mother caressing.

And now, she looks on while her baby's first babe
Fills the old home with love's fullest measure,
Her eyes are as bright and her heart just as light
And how warmly she clasps her own treasure!

Do you know, little maid, that the steaming train West
Is carrying the news to Aunt Mary?
Will "Martha" sound well, there your presence to tell
And the name of her Richard's dear Fairy?

Little Blossoms

May you grow like Aunt Martha in all that is good,
Drinking deep of life's sunshine and glory;
Learn the songs of the birds and the flowers' sweet words
On your soul writing Nature's best story.

Be you brave like your namesake, Leona, most true,
From your heart what is noble, ne'er sever,
As Aurelia, your skies be all golden likewise
Then, an Angela pure, be you ever.

Snowflakes.

O what beauty now is falling
On this drear old earth of ours,
Dreary only from our making
Which should glow as Eden's bowers.

Whitest garment, down not softer,
Crevice deep, or hill adorning;
Twigs on trees, and tiny grass blades
Robes them all this wintry morning.

E'en the blue of Heaven's hidden
By the snow clouds intervening;
Earth and sky and air are spotless
Darkness slips behind the screening.

Would our souls were fair as Nature,
With no taint of sin's dread shame,
Then, God's image, pure, eternal,
Could the endless ages claim.

Little Blossoms

The Old and New Year.

As we sit and watch each dying ember
While quickly change the glowing coals to black,
Thought on thought leads in to last December,
Time's swiftly fled by on his onward track.
Oh, the visions which our sorrowing minds rack
Of sad events within the past contained,
Which to us are warnings kindly sent back,
From the yearly page which oft our deeds have stained,
And we see how little of all our works remained!

As we look into the year departed,
Nameless joys and griefs again arise:
Wonder we why time has not imparted
Power to comfort and to drown our sighs.
Yet, why sigh we? Ah, deep in the past lies
Many a moment burdened with deep pain,
By such moments taught, we've now become wise
With a wisdom which shall be all vain
Unless we take to heart the lessons which remain.

On the pages of the past discern we
Ignoble deeds, just like unsightly blots
That our pure white charts have covered wholly,
And now fill us with repentant thoughts.
Temptations often fell unto our lot.
With God's grace we could have Satan vanquished,
And our souls cleansed from all sinful spots,
Now, we mourn to see those moments vanished,
And from our souls sweet peace and comfort banished.

On time rushes, ever heedless onward!
Gone the past, the present year in motion.
On its current we are carried forward,
Tossed about as straws upon the ocean.
In our hands are placed by God, the oars,
And strength He'll give for us to sail aright.
If we struggle hard, like skillful rowers,
We need not fear the hidden shoals by night,
We'll safely pass the storms and welcome the daylight.

The fleecy snow before the spring-time sunbeams
Soon melts away and vanishes from view:
So, too, will pass the present year's bright gleams
And, like the past, will take a sad adieu:
We're verging onward, yes, onward to the tomb.
Let's cling to life, but to live noble-hearted,
Throughout this world, for kindly deeds, what room!
Let's mourn not at the last rich graces thwarted,
And see with time all hope for us departed.

A Request.

My child, wilt give thy heart to me?
'Tis all I ask, the world is mine.
Yea, thousand worlds, more grand than this,
Could I create, e'en at a sign.
But such is not the gift I crave—
I long, my child, thy heart to own,
Divest it, then, of all but Me,
That I may place it on love's throne.

Little Blossoms

Statute of Our Lady on the Immaculata Tower.

For years have Mary's children
Looked with love, each day and hour,
On the old stone fortress standing
The Immaculata Tower.

They have pondered on the meaning
Of that temple standing high,
And have learned how love had built it
Reaching upward to the sky.

Placed to vindicate the honor
Of her Son's most precious Name
And the symbol of redemption
To the worldly-wise proclaim.

Now, today, they gather round it,
Her own image to place nigh
The golden cross which glitters
Against the deep blue sky.

And Science bears its offering
A flood of purest light,
To show our Mother guards us
Throughout the darkest night.

Our Morning Star, our Mother,
Announces Day's Great King,
The Sun of Justice, Jesus,
All saving grace to bring.

Then calmly may we labor
And sweetly seek our rest
While the Queen of Heaven watches
The Queen City of the West.

Revere the Physician.

We crown the proud victor with laurel,
The orator's brow wreath with bay,
Place a palm-branch on tomb of the martyrs,
O'er our dead, weeping cypress we lay.
We place friends in shrines of affection,
Give grateful return for kind deeds,
Smile for smile gladly offer in parting
As onward our life journey speeds.
We think not of one benefactor
Who merits our hearts's love and prayer,
Till, suffering's presence unwelcome
Presents of life's anguish our share.
Then he comes with his rich balm of healing,
With tones which both soothe and caress,
Waking morn, or high noon, waning evening,
E'en at midnight his visit we bless.
Who thinks that his heart grows most weary
When he views souls' dark struggle with sin,
That his days and his nights oft are dreary,
No ray of bright sunshine within.
To the sick and the wretched he tenders
Care and skill with a fatherly hand,
Scripture tells us "Revere the Physician"
For the good which he does through the land.
So, we come, dearest friend, here to offer
These apartments we've fitted with care
May they give you sweet comfort and cheering
With pleasures the truest and rare.
May God's Angel of Peace be your solace
Giving rest and contentment fore'er,
Till the Master Physician shall call you
His love and His Kingdom to share.

Little Blossoms

The Crocus.

I send you a blossom this morning,
The earliest flower of spring,
Which peeps from its home 'neath the snow flakes,
With the first happy songster to sing.
The bird and the fair little crocus
All joyously pour forth their lays,
For they wish like all beautiful creatures
To offer their Maker due praise.
O dear little bird and sweet flower!
My prayer has been offered for long
And my heart's warmest hope for my dear ones
Soars aloft with your fragrance and song.

Daily Needs.

For daily needs, O Lord! I come to you;
The future vast my soul fills with dismay.
Father Omniscient! who all things can view,
Give to your child her needed strength, each day.

Friendship.

What were life without it?
But a living death.
With it, e'en in sorrow,
Happiness each breath.

Little Blossoms

Christmas Message.

Could I reach the pure veins in the mountain,
And bring forth the richest of ore,
What were that since the Master has blessed you
With treasures—a bountiful store?

You have home, and home's love-lights undying,
You are honored by noblest of men,
All about us your goodness is written,
On the mountain, the wayside, the glen.

Not for these would I make you my offering
A pass-port to Heaven I give;
You have banished dread sickness and sorrow,
Brought the sufferer courage to live.

Because lowly he was, and forgotten,
You fulfilled the Great Master's command,
And His promise is ever unfailing:
"Such," He says, "shall inherit the land."

"Whoso to the least of my brethren
An action of kindness shall do,
I shall count it as done to Me only,"
This, I hear Him today, say to you.

Memento Homo.

Remember, man, thy origin
From earth:—to earth's green sod.
Thy soul, from the eternal,
Finds rest alone in God.

Little Blossoms

“Scio Cui Credidi.”

“I know,” leap from my lips the joyous words
While heart and soul are all aflame.
“Him I believe, my King, my God!”
Forever blessed His Holy Name.

“Noli Esse Incredulus, Sed Fidelis.”

Why doubttest thou, O man!
Thou atom in the universal plan?
Why wonderest thou at aught that e'er may be?
'Tis God who doth: canst thou not see?

Holy Saturday.

Terror, yesterday, and sorrow:
Man's dark deed made earth bemoan:
Glory, now, and joy supernal
Christ, Redemption's seed has sown.

Kindness.

A beauteous garb has Nature spread
O'er the dreary wintry wold:
Intpretations kind may change
Life's darksome hues to gold.

Little Blossoms

“Quae Infra Nos, Nihil Ad Nos.”

We walk upon the earth
Nor can it ever rise
Above our human hearts
While life within them lies.

When earth becomes our tomb,
Our spirit high has flown,
Our tenement of clay
Returns to dust alone.

Then why let earthly things
Our nobler part degrade?
As nothing hold, what's less than self,
Ourselves for God were made.

Unspeakable is God.

Come, Pegasus, they bid me to scale Parnassus' height,
And send from airy regions, poetic lines of light.
Then haste thee with this lesson from sky and earth's
green sod
All beautiful is Nature—Unspeakable is God!

A Wish.

God bless my Eve with health and strength,
And every other blessing!
God keep her dear ones tried and true
No ill their lives distressing!
God crown her days with love and grace,
Her heart all joy caressing.

Little Blossoms

“*Mane Nobiscum, Quoniam Vesperascit.*”

Stay with us, Lord, the day is waning fast,
The sun high heaven has crossed, is speeding to the West.
Life's dazzling glare, its beckoning peaks are passed,
'Tis eventide, O Lord, Thy presence brings us rest.

The Sisters.

There are garments of gold and of scarlet,
There is ermine with purple to wear:
To the plain little cap and black habit
There is nothing on earth to compare.

For under this head-dress unworldly,
Are the Lord's brightest gifts of the mind,
And beating 'neath habits so sombre,
Hearts warmest and true, do we find.

Snow.

Whence do you come, O most beautiful snow?
Crystallized water they call you, I know,
Daintiest patterns of heaven-made lace,
Every part perfect, each in its place.
Bring here your microscope, scientists, tell
What forces sculptured these? Nature does well.
Nature, God's handmaid, things marvelous wrought
Back in the ages of no human thought.
O foolish man! let thy inner soul say
“To light what thou searchest,
Thou must have God's ray.”

“It is Expedient for You That I Go.”

In life's darkest hour, O Jesus,
This we hear, and bow us low,
In our humblest acquiescence:
“Useful for you, that I go.”

Ah! You go, but never leave us;
For in You we move and live,
Tho' our “eyes are held” in darkness
Faith a light our souls will give.

How could we upon the pathway,
Narrow, rugged, which leads Home,
Keep our courage, with You absent?
Oft our footsteps far would roam.

We would sit us down aweary,
Backward look when we should climb
Where You wait in years eternal
Following our earth and time.

Easter Wish.

Flowers, birds, and skies of blue,
Bring to us a message true:
Christ is risen, earth rejoice,
Blessed all who hear His voice.
May your life, dear Sallie, be
Filled with love's sweet ecstasy.

Little Blossoms

To My Little Ones.

Into my daily life you've entered
And claimed my tenderest thought
Like clinging vines rose-laden
A wealth of joy you've brought.
Our dear ones gone have left you
Their priceless gifts from Heaven,
I take you to my heart of hearts
And guard the precious seven.

Unseen your loved are watching
As we toil upon the way
And their fervent prayers protecting
Their darlings, day by day,
Oh, they measure the eternal
Not the things of fleeting time,
While their ears know but the music
Of love's re-echoing chime.

We shall meet them in the gloaming
When time's night is drawing near
And the chorus of the Angels
From afar shall reach our ear.
Never more a separation
Joys supernal we shall know
We shall live thro' years eternal
Our hearts with love aglow.

“Quæ Sursum Sunt, Sapite.”

Today, there's praise, there's flattery;
Tomorrow we're as naught:
What's high above us only
Is worth an anxious thought.

Little Blossoms

Patron Saints.

For a tiny Sister who claims a tiny saint,
Only with a dainty brush should I try to paint.
Colors the most delicate I should have at hand,
And most perfect models too, be at my command.

You are Agnes Mary, Roman maiden fair,
And the Queen of Heaven! shall I even dare
With my pen or pencil likeness try to trace,
Of our peerless Mother, or Agnes' gentle face?

Oh that we could enter into Mary's Heart
Learn her deep humility and gain a little part
If we had her Charity, burning love for all,
We would turn unto her Jesus, who answers every call.

And our sweet St. Agnes, purer than the snow,
She will give us innocence eternally to glow.
She will teach us courage to brave all things but sin,
And the love of Jesus have, our deepest soul within.

Then, let us bend us humbly at our Mother's shrine,
With her virtues tell her—how we'd love to shine.
Like our little name-sake, martyrs we would be,
If not to blood our portion, at least, of Charity.

Immaculate.

Angelic choirs thronging
With tribute to their King,
Before thee low saluting,
"Immaculate!" they sing.

Little Blossoms

Sister Mary Florence.

"Going, therefore, teach ye all Nations."

Thus spoke our Lord in times which now are olden,
Yet His command is living with us still;
His followers hear the mandate, rise with fervor,
And going forth, proclaim His words and Will.

Not unto Pagan tribes your footsteps wending,
Do you fulfill this mission of your God,
But to His "little ones," His tenderest portion
You've borne His message thro' the lands you trod.

From north to south or east and farthest westward,
In Apostolic style you journey on,
You seek your rest where duty speaks the welcome,
Your heart aglow with fervor, at the dawn.

You see fair, stainless, souls look from their windows,
Those childish eyes so earnest and sincere,
You read the longing of their inmost spirits
For living bread and fountains ever clear.

You know the danger which besets their pathway,
How evil boldly brings itself to view,
That powers of darkness never grow weary,
As raging lions gentle lambs pursue.

To gird their hearts and judgments for life's conflict,
The Spirit's Gifts you know must deeply dwell;
True knowledge, then, will fill their souls with gladness,
Keep safe their fancy from the tempter's spell.

Little Blossoms

Religion's handmaids all, as their companions,
Fair Science, Music, Art in every form,
Will ope new vistas of their God's perfections,
With greater love their sinless hearts to warm.

And with no stain of sin upon the mantle
Which clothes them when Baptismal waters pour,
To highest peaks of learning rising ever,
They reach the Triune Godhead reigning o'er.

What care you then, if toil be e'er your portion?
Christ rested not His followers among;
His Father's Will as daily food He counted,
While eager crowds unto His teaching clung.

Go on then, Sister dear, in your endeavors:
Great is your calling—past all thought the gain;
"They who instruct to justice," says our Saviour,
"As stars in Heaven's firmament shall reign."

Golden Jubilee.

Little Blossoms

Bells are Chiming, Hearts Rejoicing.

Bells are chiming, hearts rejoicing, souls pour forth their song:
Flowers wear their richest petals, Jubilee notes, the birds prolong.
Haste your children glad to greet you crowned with Fifty Years,
Years of love for God and others, chastened by Life's tears.
Joyously we turn our footsteps thro' five decades past:
On every day, on every act, our eyes we proudly cast.
When young in years and pure of heart "Another Christ" to be,
The world with all its 'luring charms, you spurned so generously,
You raised your standard heavenward,—that standard was the cross,
And forth you marched to victory; your record bears no loss.
Let us with honest pride today, review the century's half,
And ere we name your honored deeds, the Spring of Truth we quaff.
In the grand old halls of lettered fame, St. Mary's, or in Rome,
In memory's niche, on tablet old, your name has found a home.
You stood before the Levites young, a pattern fair to view:
The beauty of God's House they saw forever shine in you.
The fire of His ministry your heart and soul consumed:
All thought of self or earthly gain, how quickly you entombed.
The lambs you so well guarded, that the Master placed His sheep
Beneath your prayerful watching, their pathways straight to keep.
How well you've filled your office; the trust you've held, how high!
Nor tongue nor pen can tell it; 'tis written 'bove the sky.
O'er every path of sorrow your feet have trodden oft,
And wretched, sick, or dying have blessed your tones so soft.
Where poverty had pillaged, there relief your mercy brought,
And contagion's banished victims, by your love were ever sought.
No miser's wealth you covet, but to give is your delight,
And your life throughout, dear Father, ravishes Angelic sight.
We know that Sorrow's visits have been often at your door:
For Jesus' path was thorny, and His Saints must walk it o'er.
You left the "Land of Flowers" an aged Patriarch to uphold:
The roses here had faded, touched by misfortune's cold.

Little Blossoms

You faced the chilling tempest, you stayed the hurrying wrath,
And you drove the feverish vapors from Religion's holy path.
Lo! 'tis meet today, Rejoicing should spread her wings afar,
And no sound should wake the echo which one moment's joy could
mar.

Let Cathedral chimes their music with all instruments unite,
Let each voice throughout our country hail you, Champion of the
Right!

But, most of all, your children exult this day to see,
And we beg that Golden graces may light your Jubilee.
We'll mark with Golden letters its memory on our heart,
And your example Golden, of our lives shall form a part:
So that, when ten future lustra, to these ten shall added be,
You'll still in us be working, throughout eternity.
Praise to our God in Heaven! whose gift to us, you are,
And wafted benedictions pass on from star to star.
May unnumbered Alleluias thro' the universe resound,
And Peace, the Spirit's fruit, today, be sweetly, spread around,
That the outer Court of Heaven, may seem whereon we stand,
In view, your prize, dear Father, a Throne on God's Right Hand.

Acrostic.

Fifty years!—a golden harvest,
Image of the Master's field.
Fifty rounds of endless labor
Thro' them all, a noble yield:
Years in which, Christ's love you wield.

Yearning years! that Heaven gather
Every plant which you have sown,
And the grain unmixed with cockle
Rear its head around the Throne,
Saying "See the harvest all his own!"

Little Blossoms

What Anthems Glad, Today are Sung?

What anthems glad, today are sung?
Reveals each face with story?
Is it the oft-repeated tale
Of Nature's opening glory?
Sweet Spring's return with bud and bloom,
And new life all things filling,
The balmy air and chirp of birds,
With gladness each heart thrilling?

Ah! no, to other notes respond our souls
While on their tones we ponder,
And thro' the corridors of Time,
Full fifty years we wander
Our Mother's life unfolding, then,
As ope sweet flowers of wild-wood,
Ceased suddenly to breathe the air
Of home and blissful childhood.

A whispered call,—a quick response,
And kindred ties are riven:
"St. Joseph's Vale" in Brooklyn's stead
Her future home is given.
That peaceful haunt prepares her soul
For Heaven-sent gains and crosses,
Her lot is with those chosen ones
Who prize earth's gains as losses.

Count, now, who can, with vision keen
Read a half century's record,
The inward strifes, the vict'ries great,
The joys and griefs unnumbered:

Little Blossoms

The hopes held fast with perfect trust
Born of a soul confiding:
Believing all,—suspecting none,
Nor poor, nor weak, deriding.

How kind her words to orphan ears!
How gifted to the student!
What peace she brings to novice hearts!
With rules so mild, yet prudent.
And, then, as Mother to us all:
God knows the wealth of graces
Her love of prayer has brought to each,
Not gifts which time defaces.

Years roll around:—a voice most dear
Passes fore'er to silence,—taking
Half her life,—yea, more than half,
Her strongest life-chords breaking.
For who can lose the friend of years
Partner of joy and sorrow,
When soul is knitted unto soul,
And breathe full life the morrow?

Dear Mother, 'twere not well to call
Her name to change the gladness
Of festal hour; but know we not
She's here in joy or sadness.
Our eyes indeed are blind to see
Her form so loved, yet hidden;
She's in each heart; 'tis told full well
By tears which start unbidden.

Little Blossoms

She joins us all, she says, "Rejoice!"
And brings thee fondest greeting,
Her voice with ours in grateful lays
Thy praise is oft repeating:
Our prayers with hers in realms of light
Ask Golden Graces for thee
A crown she brings to deck thy brow
And bless thy "Golden Jubilee."

Where is the Valiant Woman?

Where is the Valiant Woman?
World, seek not amid thy throngs,
To thy votaries weak with pleasure
We chant not glorious songs.
But seek among Christ's spouses,
Find her who pain has soothed,
Whose heart is for the homeless,
Who Care's rough way has smoothed,
Who reckons all things trifling
For the glory of the Cross,
Who smiles in sternest conflicts,
And counts earth's gold as dross.
She walks with strength and valor,
Toward the victor's crown above,
And bears the noble title,
"Daughter of Sweet Love."

Little Blossoms

The Bells are Pealing Joyously.

The bells are pealing joyously, with golden tongues, today,
And nature lends her richest robes, the sun his brightest ray.
No song of bird is happier than our heart carols true,
Nor could the spirit's fancy form a fairer scene to view.

We little ones are learning of the long, long fifty years,
With all their joys and sorrows, and all their hopes and fears,
And all the days of labor that passed, ere we could see
Our stately church—the Rock Church—exist so gloriously.

We love to think of olden days, when only forests great
Upon these lovely Walnut Hills, proclaimed their proud estate.
How, then, as of a sudden, God's Spirit whispered low,
"Here, would I have a dwelling, my love for man to show."

The grand old trees resigned their place, bent low each kingly crest,
And gave themselves to form the house where God with man might rest.
That home, at first was humble, but the worshipers sincere:
And, year by year, they garnered and brought their treasures here.

Today, they may look proudly on the work which they have done,
To glorify the Father, and the Spirit and the Son.
They will chant their hearts' Te Deum as they gaze on vanished years,
For the splendor of this hour won by sacrifice and tears.

And in the realms supernal, white-robed children anthems sing—
The crystal waters saved them as a tribute to the King.
The Angels of the Altar, in a chorus grand of praise,
Recount the flow of graces since those far off early days.

Exult the priests and people, that half a century o'er,
The honor of God's house they love, as in the days of yore.
So, joy and jubilation with thanks and prayer unite
To fill all hearts with gladness, each face with love to light.

Little Blossoms

All golden is the radiance by our early history cast:
Oh, may it still be golden when a century has passed,
And may the grace and splendor of this our Jubilee,
Increase for us the virtues, of Faith, Hope, Charity.

Then, when life's course is ended, and each one's task is done,
We shall wear with joy in Heaven, the golden crowns we've won:
We shall sing the endless anthems with angel choirs above,
And eternity will be for us—a Jubilee of Love.

Sister Vincent's Greetings to Mother Josephine.

Dear Mother, 'mid the glad rejoicing
Of thy Golden Jubilee,
Let the first of all thy children
Bring her greetings warm to thee.

Fleet the years have been in passing,
Rich in fruit of toil and care:
Numberless thy daily crosses,
Traces deep thy brow doth wear.

But the gates of Heaven open
Only to the purified,
Who from anguish unto anguish,
Follow Jesus Crucified.

Then, rejoice! thy glory groweth,
Half a century's conquests shine
With immortal love and brightness
Borrowed from the Heart Divine.

Little Blossoms

I Close My Eyes.

I close my eyes, and with the spirit's vision
Look down the aisles of fifty years ago:—
Rough stones are piled upon yon grassy surface,
And busy workmen toil from early dawn.

The passers-by ask idly: "Wherefore build ye?"
"To raise a structure unto God on high
Where man may come and fitly give Him worship,
Where man may learn to live and learn to die."

The days pass on, and higher grows the temple,
While earnest hearts with pure and holy love
Bring forth their all, as did the early Christians,
To place it in God's treasure-house above.

At length the day of toil and care is over,
The gilded cross is placed upon the spire,
The bells peal forth their Heaven inspired music,
And heart of man, with joy, beats higher, higher.

Religious pomp and holy ceremonial
With sacred unction, gladsome tidings tell,
That God has left His glorious throne in Heaven.
Through love descends within St. Paul's to dwell.

Since, day by day, His ministers devoted
With power greater than Seraph ever bore,
Repeat Love's Sacrifice of Immolation
While prostrate angels with mankind adore.

Little Blossoms

I marvel at the history which the Font gives
Of thousands it has sent forth heirs anew:
And all the seven sacred channels opened
Flow on with virtue and with healing too.

And, so throughout the many generations,
The holy work has marched with rapid pace:
Unnumbered souls who now are blessed in Heaven,
Unnumbered souls on earth, have here found grace.

I read in hearts of each and all assembled
A holy joy and gratitude profound,
The young look forth to blissful years before them,
The aged retrace God's gifts in myriads found.

And while great sorrows with past joys were mingled,
Yet, all, with loud acclaim, praise God today,
For Fifty Years of grace and benediction
And million blessings spread upon their way.

'Tis meet that all, our priests who've borne the burden,
The aged who placed the first foundation stone,
Those in their prime, and even lisping children,
Should sing today—one song of praise alone.

I look above, behold our former pastor,
Whose aim until he laid life's burden down,
Was God's great glory and our soul's salvation,
And now he wears the victor's laurel crown.

He saw the blessing to our eyes beclouded
Which came from God, beneath the cross of fire:
For when the place of sacrifice lay strewn with ashes,
Men's hearts returned to God and prayers rose higher.

Little Blossoms

Warm words of welcome with our grand Te Deum
From every heart on every tongue unite.
The day so gladsome and so rich in blessings,
Our honored guests have rendered doubly bright.

We hail His Excellency and fain would thank him
For honor great on us today conferred:
To princes of God's House,—befitting greeting
The heart may feel, but cannot find the word.

Our own Archbishop and the other prelates
And all devoted clergy here today,
With every guest, have added to our graces,
And crowned with gold, this Fiftieth holiday.

The Air is Full of Melody.

The air is full of melody and harmony serene,
The sun all Nature touching with Heaven's golden sheen:
While God's sweet smile of blessing is resting on the shrine
Of Mary the Immaculate, His Mother, yours and mine.
Each heart would ask the question—"Why such a glorious day?"
Would that our tongues were golden, the answer meet to say.
Full fifty years have ended, as time is counted here,
But they live in golden glory of God's eternal year.
They tell of faith majestic in the Shepherd and the Sheep,
Of labors long, and conflicts, Christ's messages to keep.
They tell of wondrous vision, of loyalty most true,
Of sacrifices numerous, by priests and people too.
They tell of persecutions borne for God's Most Holy Name,
And slighting words once uttered in hopes of earthly fame.
Those words were scarcely spoken when a vow pierced Heaven's blue,
Today the golden bugles sound to show that promise true.

Little Blossoms

Amid autumnal glory of Mt. Ida's dazzling height
John Adams laid a corner stone, within the people's sight,
For a lofty tower of Science, an Observatory grand,
To view the far-off heavens and look proudly o'er the land.
He spoke, and all were silent to catch his every word
And they followed him with ardor, until at last they heard:
"Upon this hill may Science point its emblems to the skies,
But may the sign of Popery ne'er be allowed to rise."
O irony of fate! we cry, as from the vale below
Upon the highest pinnacle we see the Cross to glow.
A Church unto the honor of Christ's Cross is reared on high,
And to His Spotless Mother, is another standing high,
While the very spot where Adams stood with ceremonial grand,
Is now the home of Fathers who over all the land
Preach the Cross of Christ made glorious, exult in earthly loss,
Zealous Fathers of the Passion and of the Holy Cross.
Should not joy-bells ring, then, gladly, and with golden tongue proclaim
The fervor of their spirits who glory in that name?
Who have placed the sacred emblem on Mt. Adams' lofty height,
And glorified night's darkness with Mary's beacon light?
Who have cancelled all earth's claimings against her temple fair,
And beautified her altars with sculptors rich and rare.
While on the walls are written with artist's skill and grace,
The story of her life on earth and the beauty of her face.
They have added all adornment unto her earthly shrine,
Today they "Consecrate" it unto her Son Divine.
What blessings He is sending, would our souls could ever dream!
Down from His throne in Heaven pour they forth in golden stream.
Earth seems to catch the shimmer and the clouds the brilliant light,
And the hearts of Mary's clients burn with raptures of delight.
They chant with love *Te Deum*, praise their Mother's spotless name.
And ask one blessing only, Heaven's never-ending fame.
That when earth's light has faded, they shall spend a glorious day
'Neath the sunbeams of the Godhead and Mary's gentle ray.

Little Blossoms

'Twas in the Month of Roses.

'Twas in the month of roses just fifty years ago
When springtime beauties lingered, o'er hills and dales below,
When Glendale, always lovely, had donned her fairest dress,
That God Himself descended, His dwelling place to bless.

How sweet the name—St. Gabriel! of Angel Knight so fair,
Sent to our Mother Mary that message glad to bear:
"Hail, full of grace! most blessed art thou among chaste daughters all,
Thee, God the Son 'My Mother' henceforth in love shall call."

So, when the Faith was planted amid these lovely scenes,
The missionaries seemed to see Judea's Hills so green
They built the first small temple and gave their hearts' warm love,
What fifty years have reaped thro' them, they see from thrones above.

"St. Gabriel" holds proud record of Faith serenely strong,
Ne'er chilled has been its fervor, thro' years of trial long.
While to the ranks of Mother Church the youth speed bravely on
How many lovely daughters to cloister homes have gone.

And, then—a privilege so rare, no parallel we find,
Five sons unto God's altar raised, their names as priests enshrined.
With holy envy might we look upon St. Gabriel's fame,
Upon the joy of parents who such a bliss could claim.

Still other Levites followed, and other homes were blessed
By giving to God's service their only or their best.
In every walk of life we find the loyal hearts and true,
Who all the early pledges, today, with zeal renew.

Little Blossoms

The dead are still remembered, the pastors and the flock
Who built as Christ had shown them upon St. Peter's Rock.
The Banner of the cross, today, in Golden Glory gleams
While sacred channels bear to souls, of grace, most precious streams.

Then glad should be all spirits with the gladness of our King,
And Golden Bells should call to prayer and Golden Joy-Bells ring.
For "Fifty Years" have vanished not, but live—Eternal Years
And Heaven's Alleluias sound—reward of earth's few tears.

A Day of Jubilee and Song.

A day of jubilee and song!
Let every heart the notes prolong:
For glad should be the young and old
That Fifty Years for us are told.

Yes, fifty years are written down,
And many a saint with golden crown
Exults today, and joins our praise
That God has given lengthened days.

Who'll count the millions of the blessed
The souls who've gained eternal rest,
The white-robed innocents alone,
Who bow before God's altar throne!

The Font Baptismal,—Sorrow's Door,
All Holy Eucharistic Store,
The Sacred Unction,—all of these,
Have been for thousands, golden keys.

What half a century past has done,
Will be till time his course has run:
For shepherds true will guard Christ's sheep
And harvests rich the laborers reap.

Little Blossoms

O happy souls! to have first share
The great Apostles' holy care!
Their faith, their love, may they impart
And set aglow our every heart.

Ring, then, today, the golden bells,
While every lip the story tells
Let glad Te Deum fill the air
And every note re-echo prayer.

May Heaven send eternal rays
To light our path thro' future days,
Till heard celestial courts among,
Are Allelulias, angel-sung.

I am Coming, Dearest Sisters.

I am coming, dearest Sisters,
With the purest gold today,
And I bring it from its hiding place
Of years, far, far away.

Half a century had I wandered
Ere I found the precious mines,
And took the glittering metal,
Which the brightest stars outshines.

'Tis your love, our eldest Sisters,
Vowed full fifty years ago,
When the God of endless ages
Made your hearts like His to glow.

Little Blossoms

Then, you oped your arms to Innocence,
That harm might ne'er befall;
And your ears were strangely quickened
To hear Want's piteous call.

Your eyes beheld in everyone
God's image—all divine:
While you whispered, "Now, dear Jesus,
Our life and love are Thine."

You chose for holy patrons,
His glorious saints above:
Our St. Vincent, and the Baptist,
With Cecelia—Saint of love.

The missionary Xavier,
Great Dominick aflame,
Gave heritage of graces
Together with each name.

The years have quickly vanished
With their sorrows and their cares,
But your deeds of sweetest Charity
Are scattered everywhere.

Five are here to see the setting
Of the glorious golden sun,
Marking now the happy waning
Of this semi-cycle done.

And some have gone before you—
Ah, they know the cost and worth
Of your days of toil and merit
And the trials of this earth.

Little Blossoms

They, with us are now rejoicing
That your Faith has ne'er grown cold,
That your Hope has still its springtime,
And your Love will ne'er be old.

Eternity will greet you
As five Virgins fair and wise,
And the Heavenly anthems praise you
E'er and e'er, beyond the skies.

Glad are the Notes of Rejoicing.

Glad are the notes of rejoicing,
Earnest the prayers said today,
Unrecorded the deeds we are voicing,
Unwritten in earth's boastful way.

But could our eyes gaze on the pages
Illumined by angels above,
We would know that the wisdom of sages
Compares not with actions of love.

The poor have been helped by its giving,
The sick have been soothed in their pain;
The helpless made hopeful in living
The homeless made happy again.

It is fifty long years since that morning
When self, all life's hopes, pleasures too,
They forsook for the Master's adorning
To follow His pathway, life through.

Little Blossoms

We name them, Cleophas, Raphael,
And Winifred, first on the way:
Are their patrons rejoicing in Heaven?
Do they join us this blest, happy day?

Ah, yes, and the souls they have aided,
Are kneeling before the White Throne.
The good deeds from our Sisters' minds faded,
To the records eternal have flown.

So, we join in the day's jubilation,
And golden-toned joy bells we ring,
We thank God for their life's consecration
And "Te Deum" exultingly sing.

I Read in a Vision a Story.

I read in a vision a story
Of fifty long years slowly sped
Of toiling, of praying—no weeping
For hopes that are laid with the dead.
I see not on Fame's scroll emblazoned
Her name in rich letters made bright,
But the angels of God are incensing
The place where she's resting tonight.
I hear not the plaudits of glory
Nor hosannas from multitudes great,
But I know that this humblest of Sisters
Shall enter with joy Heaven's gate.
I see Heaven's King stoop to raise her,
When she prostrates before His Great Throne,
And behold a long white-robed procession
That claims her as one of its own.

I listen to sweet childish voices
Now chanting her deeds with glad praise.
While her "Charity's Robe" brightly glowing
Her Guardian Angel displays.
Our Mother Immaculate places
Fifty jewels to circle her brow;
The years which she gave to the orphan
The fruit of her labors tell now.

Fifty Years Ago, My Jesus!

Fifty years ago, my Jesus,
Came I, at Thy earnest call,
Take today, renewed the offering
Of my youth—my little all.

Ah, those fifty years! I love them,
Every morn I saw Thy Face,
Every hour I felt Thy Presence
Every moment knew Thy grace.

There were doubts, but soon they vanished
In the splendor of Thy Light;
Cares came too, but passed forever
Knowing Thee made darkness bright.

E'er to me, Thy yoke was sweetness,
Nor could earthly joys compare,
Never was Thy burden heavy,
With Thee, life was always fair.

Little Blossoms

Have I tried? Thou knowest, Jesus,
Never loved I else but Thee,
Never counted I the merit,
Asking but Thy Will to see.

Now, the fifty years have vanished,
Short they seem and little, too,
But I know my God has measured
What I wished but could not do.

Take again my offering, Jesus,
Fifty times my fifty years,
Would I give unto Thy service,
Welcoming its sighs and tears.

Bless, O Lord, the friends who helped me
Down this half a century way,
Let us spend fore'er together,
In Thy Home, Love's holiday.

Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

"All fair art thou, O Mary!
No stain was e'er in thee!"
The whole wide world is singing
O'er mountain, plain, and sea;
Her children's hearts are throbbing
With joy no words can say,
While golden bells are chiming
With golden tongues, today.

Little Blossoms

There are Myriad Stars in Heaven.

There are myriad stars in Heaven,
Countless sands upon the sea,
Unnumbered notes of music
In the world of harmony;
But what are all earth's beauties
What the treasures of the deep,
Compared to loving actions
Which angelic records keep!

Fifty years our cherished Sister
Gave in full to orphan needs,
Golden years with richest harvest
Reaped from sowing God-like seeds.
How the lonely hearts were lighted
By her tenderness and care
Tho' bereft of home and kindred,
Of her love each felt a share.

While to fame her name's not given,
Who shall count the jewels bright
Which most grateful hands shall carry
To her throne in Heaven's height.
Then her Spouse will say: "Martina,"
When life's labors shall have ceased,
"Oh, how precious is your burden
You worked only for My least."

Little Blossoms

Half a Century's Passed With its Record.

Half a century's passed with its record
And we come here with greetings to say,
That tho' victors are crowned with proud laurel
And poet's brows circled with bay,
There is nought which this great world can offer
Would reward you for even one day.

You answered the Lord's secret bidding
Bade to home and your dear ones farewell,
Gave your all for a heritage humble
With His chosen ones ever to dwell.
His love filled your heart with its ardor,
O'er your spirit His Peace sweetly fell.

His little ones placed in your keeping
A mother's warm care have e'er known,
And the seeds of sweet virtue to nurture
In their tenderest souls you have sown.
For Christ wished the little ones near him
And in Heaven they're close to His Throne.

"What to these you have done," He has told us,
"I take as if offered to Me:"
And so, year by year, you have given
Love's sacrifice, wholly and free.
And He blessed every step you have taken,
Ever act He will bless graciously.

Little Blossoms

Golden Wedding Greetings.

Tho' late do I come with my greeting,
Not less heartfelt you know it to be.
I would wish that all joy be your portion,
Your life, hence, a glad jubilee.

Five decades have passed with their volumes
Of life's chapters read o'er and o'er,
And today, you are both blessed and happy
As you were in the young days of yore.

Your path was not all strewn with roses,
Or roses without any thorns:
For the followers of Christ, like their Master,
Life's journey, a cross must adorn.

But, today, there are notes of glad music,
And with blessing, the poor speak your name,
Your children rise up in their glory
'Neath the sheen of their parents' fair fame.

The angel of God shows the golden
Which your Christian lives faithfully won,
They will add to the chain now unbroken,
Till God shall pronounce the "Well done!"

Silver Jubilee.

Little Blossoms

Chime the Bells Sweetly, this Glorious June Day.

Chime the bells sweetly, this glorious June day!
Scatter its roses o'er life's chequered way.
Back thro' a fourth of a century go,
Read what its records so proudly can show.

Boyhood's glad spring, dearest Father, for you,
Had only oped, when you bade it adieu!
Left all the pleasures which worldlings desire,
Your heart all aflame with a heavenly fire.

O'er the pathway of Science, with footsteps so fleet,
Onward you sped, the goal highest to meet.
Solitude's charms 'round your spirit were thrown,
Woody by her silence, you dwelt not alone.

Not amid tumult bide the holy and meek,
When hushed is the world, the Saints of God speak.
Thus, your life's plan by their brightness you formed,
And by their spirit your soul's pulse was warmed.

Then, the high dignity,—Priest of God—came,
Near such nobility, shallow is fame.
“Another Christ!” e'er and always in view,
As such, dearest Father, we gladly greet you.

Years of denial, of zeal, and of prayer,
Toiling for others, God's glory, your care.
Crowned were at last by a gift from above,
A mitre and crosier as tokens of love.

Tho' thorn-lined the mitre and heavy the staff,
Tho' the bearer must often the bitter cup quaff:
Yet, in them, a token of God's love we see,
For, God wants His chosen ones, heroes to be.

Little Blossoms

Then let joy bells gladly their mission proclaim
And tell to the world that most blessed is your name.
We greet,—yes, a Father, a pastor, and friend,
But we love more the title which ne'er has an end.

“A Priest you are ever,” and in reverence low
We bow before honor earth cannot bestow.
How great be its glory, its riches, its power,
They are all as short-lived as spring's earliest flower.

So, take, then, dear Father, our tribute of praise,
May this day be a presage of Heaven's bright days.
May our voices together blend in paeans of love,
When God to our visions spreads His glory above.

Silvery Notes of Joy and Gladness.

Silvery notes of joy and gladness
Borne upon the fresh May air:
Tell, O gentle, happy zephyr!
What message dost thou bear?
Hast thou come from lands all sunny,
Bearing offerings meet?
Hast thou come with heartfelt blessings
Our Father's feast to greet?
Thro' years full five and twenty
We hear thee say in glee,
“I have gathered treasures richest
For this Silver Jubilee.
I blew gently o'er God's temple
In that sacred, solemn hour,
When thro' consecrated hands He sent
The Pastor's precious dower,

Little Blossoms

The blessed mitre and the crosier,
Emblems of the Shepherd's care,
When He crowned that head anointed,
Filled the heart with courage rare.
I have hung o'er desolation
Caused by War's destructive hand,
And have seen the Shepherd's mercy
Driving evil from the land.
When the hearts of men were with'ring
'Neath the fever's blasting breath,
He heeded not life's peril,
In the dread abodes of death.
The shadow dark had vanished,
The sky was fair again,
Hope, almost lost, returned once more
To fill the souls of men:
But 'mid scenes of new-born brightness
'Twas not his lot to stay,
From the land of his affections
He must tear himself away.
An aged Patriarch Sufferer,
'Neath a heavy cross bent low,
Begged a Brother's kindly hand to raise
The crushing weight of woe.
As in Gethsemani's Garden
With reverential fear,
To solace Jesus' agony,
Angelic hosts drew near,
Thus our "Angel of the Passion"
To our honored Prelate came,
And proved himself the Shepherd
And the Friend, in deed, as name.
Let our voices then, dear Father,
Mingle with the glad refrain,

Little Blossoms

Let us thank thee, from our heart of hearts,
And bless thee o'er again
For thy kindness to our Father,
Thy loving care of all,
On thee, Heaven's fullest graces,
Must forever, ever fall.
Had the North such fruits and flowers
As thine own sweet Southern clime,
An off'ring meet we'd make thee
For this gladsome Jubilee time:
But we launched our little vessel,
Dropped our net beneath the tide,
And affection's grateful tributes
In the meshes here abide.
Before God's holy altar.
And at our Mother's shrine,
We'll place for thee our treasures
And sweetest chaplets twine.
And while joy-bells ringing gladly
Chime out upon the air,
From St. Joseph's and St. Vincent's
Rise the incense sweet of prayer.

Why Sound Sweet Notes of Gladness?

Why sound sweet notes of gladness,
Why wreathed are all in smiles?
Is it June with blooming roses
Which thus our heart beguiles?

Ah, no! sweet June is happy,
Yes, blessed in many a way;
But there's a brighter radiance
Illumining this day.

Little Blossoms

Back just one-fourth a century,
Our glance we gladly turn,
And the vision fancy offers
Makes our hearts to glow and burn.

We see the highest graces
Poured from the fount above,
And, hovering o'er you, Father,
Is the Celestial Dove.

He bears the priestly office,
You kneel in lowly prayer,
Become the Lord's anointed,
Assume the shepherd's care.

You go forth on your mission
Deeming all things else as loss,
Which image not the Saviour
And His redeeming cross.

The years have rolled by swiftly, —
Two decades and a half —
Tho' oft it's been your portion
Life's bitter draught to quaff.

Your flock has been well tended,
You count no wasted years:
The sheep-fold you've well guarded
Faithful thro' joy or tears.

And, so, today, we're happy,
And happy thrice are you:
The record of your priesthood —
How consoling 'tis to view!

Let us thank God for the favors
Showered lavishly on you.
May you voice a grand Te Deum,
The endless ages through.

Who Touched the Chord of Music?

Who touched the chord of music
Which vibrates in every heart?

List! the harmony celestial,
Angels in it, must have part.
Hear the sad, but tender minor,
Now the grand majestic strain,
Hark! the soul is strained to centre,
Touched by the sad refrain.

I will tell you like a seer
Of the ages long ago,
What the music of my fancy
Would to each spirit show.
The sun, today, shines glorious,
And 'tis meet that thus its sheen
Lends a brightness to the picture,
Throws a halo 'round the scene.

We are counting backwards, Father,
Counting backwards all for you,
And the years of resurrection
Are all glorious to view.

As artists, we decipher
A picture fair indeed:
As poets, we are captured
By the rhythm of each deed.

Musicians, mark we melody
Which ne'er from earth could rise:
As architects, examine
Buildings reaching to the skies.

You, the doer of these actions
Which elicit all our praise,
The hero of this hour,
In your honor, voices raise.

Little Blossoms

Ah, look around, about you,
Watch the glance of every eye,
It is easy for affection
The key-note to descry.
Today, you turn the mile-stone
Twenty-fifth in your career,
And no spot in all your journey,
Need draw from you a tear.

A triumphal march, we call it,
And its echo in our soul
Will live, while life is ours,
And to years eternal roll.
It gladdens each one's spirit,
To revive the beauteous scene,
When you bowed your shoulders to the cross,
Soldier of noble mien.

The burden laid upon you,
In that hour of holy awe,
You have borne with giant courage,
Nor sought e'er to withdraw.
And, today it looms up grandly,
As a mount of holy deeds,
And 'twixt the earth and heaven,
As a mediator pleads.

We, your children, gather 'round you,
While Heaven and earth rejoice,
And myriad benedictions
Are entoned by every voice.
At your feet we lay our tribute,
Of gratitude and love,
At the throne in high Empyrean
Invoke the All-Holy Dove.

Little Blossoms

We ask the Triune Godhead
To send forth the decree
That multitudinous graces
Mark your Silver Jubilee.
And, when, as on life's journey,
Lowering clouds on high, we see,
With wings of love, will memory
To this day of gladness flee.
'Twill be our bourne of safety,
It will be our port of rest,
Till we spend with you, dear Father,
The Jubilee of the Blest.

"Tu Es Sacerdos in Aeternum."

These words of sacred import
Fall upon our list'ning ears,
As down the aisles of time we turn,
View five and twenty years.
A Priest! lo! Angels bow before you
Whom their God on high obeys,
And they count their office noble,
To guard your earthly ways.
For they see your power daily,
Bring from highest courts above
The Lord to dwell among us
Victim of insatiate love.
If Angels hosts surround you
In ravished bliss, today,
What should your children offer
And how their love portray?

Little Blossoms

A quarter of a century
For our weal has all been spent.
Oft-times the cup was bitter
Yet, your will was e'er content.
Like the Master "with desire"
Was your earnest soul aflame,
That the flock entrusted to you
From all evil you might claim.
Where'er we look about us,
Proofs unnumbered do we find,
That countless cares and labors
Filled your heart and soul and mind.
Our church and school are monuments
Pointing to the heavens above,
Built to lead your children thither,
O'er the paths of truth and love.
The earnest find a model
In your life, our Father, dear,
And the erring, if they suffer,
Know from you, they've nought to fear.
For, you lead men by your kindness
To Him who died for all,
And they leave the beaten pathway,
Seek, the narrow, at His call.
So, today, we hasten gladly,
Called by Silver Jubilee bell,
To bear to you our off'rings
Our words of thanks to tell.
We beg the Almighty Father
Your span of life to spread
Till Golden Sacerdotal Years
Have crowned your priestly head.
Then, may Heaven's portals open
And your name therein be read.

Little Blossoms

We Meet, Today, Dear Father.

We meet, today, dear Father,
To call up days of yore:
We bid you for a time retrace
Years five and twenty o'er.
We lead you back in spirit
To a scene of grandeur true
The foremost figure standing,
Is a youth, dear Father, you.
You kneel with reverent forehead:
Descending from on high
We view the Holy Paraclete
Beneath the azure sky.
He hovers o'er you, Father,
He breathes into your soul.
Your name with sacred oath is placed
On sacerdotal roll.
You go forth armed with courage
Which comes e'er from the cross.
"Another Christ" you're girded
To redeem the world from loss.
You battle with the dangers
Which surround your children all,
You hearken to no mandate
But your duty's holy call.
You soothe the sick and weary,
Poor souls in deep distress—
That you follow well your Master,
E'en envy must confess.
Who asks then, why we're happy
On this eventful day?
'Tis our Father's Silver Jubilee,
No more we need to say.

Little Blossoms

We bless you for your care of us,
Your tender love so true,
For the Faith which you have taught us,
Ever ancient ever new.
We beg the God of Heaven
And Mary, stainless, too,
To guard your every footstep,
Till life's pilgrimage is through.
And we pray this little token
Which we offer with our love,
May grow into such jewels
Found only up above.

'Tis a Season, Dear Father, of Gladness.

'Tis a season, dear Father, of gladness
That Christmas tide brings unto men:
But your children have heard the sweet chiming
Of Jubilee Bells, now and then.
And they've questioned the cause of their ringing
And have found that the joy is for you,
That Christ Crucified, you've been serving,
Years twenty and five, firm and true.
So, we've come with our greetings, dear Father,
And the wealth of our pleadings in prayer,
Your children have nought else to offer
In thanks for your zeal and your care.
But we'll ask of the dear Infant Saviour,
Who for love of us all here was born,
That He'll bring you from Heaven rich graces,
To gladden your soul Christmas morn.
And we'll tell Him how much it would please us,
Could we offer you gifts rich and rare,
That our prayers may add still to your brightness,
When His glory in Heaven you'll share.

Little Blossoms

With Silvery Notes the Joy Bells Chime.

With silvery notes the joy bells chime,
And songs of praise we sing,
While off' rings from our grateful hearts
With Nature's gifts we bring.
The air with roses' rich perfume
And carolling of birds,
Tells to our spirits' listening ear,
God's message without words.

Our Father's Feast! See Heaven's smile
Pierce thro' the vaulted dome!
To crown his joy and bless the friends
Who gather 'round his home.
Years twenty-five, a Priest of God!
A Prince! a Judge of souls!
The Anointed of the Paraclete
While age on ages rolls!

To myriad souls those hands have oped
The seal of Heaven's door:
Those hands have held the Lord of Hosts
Whom angel choirs adore.
That voice has carried to our souls
The blessings of Christ's birth:
That voice has called from Heaven high,
The Godhead, down to earth.

O happy Priest! "Another Christ!"
With zeal for souls you burn—
The poor, the sick, the troubled hearts,
To you for solace turn.
And, we, the children of your flock,
A Father's love well know:
We ask, today, that Heaven send
Rich greetings, here belcw.

Little Blossoms

Our joy is great that in this year—
The silver of your days
Our dearest Lord first came to us
To be our Guest always.
And He will give you what we ask
Who loves the children small,
A wealth of grace—God's precious gifts—
Like manna pure to fall.

That day by day, your life may be
A song of praise and prayer,
Till Heaven's gate shall open wide
And you shall enter there.
But, first, we'd spend your Golden Feast
Within God's temple grand,
Of zeal thro' all these arduous years
A monument to stand.

The corner-stone has just been laid
And soon the walls will rise,
Ere long the spire and gleaming cross
Will point to smiling skies.
Beyond the clouds the Saints in bliss
With love are looking down;
They see in Heaven your reward,
Your throne and jewelled crown.

They tell us all—your children here,
Our voice in prayer to raise,
From hearts so full of happiness
To pour our grateful lays.
Then sing, sweet birds, in silv'ry notes!
And chime, ye joy bells, long!
Our Father's friends in Heaven's courts
Unite with us in song.

Little Blossoms

'Round About You Here, Today.

'Round about you, here, today,
Grateful hearts are gathered,
Grateful for your care, displayed
Every moment of the day,
Grateful for unceasing toil,
From your duty no recoil;
With whole hearts we thank you.

Youth has not the garnered years,
Wisdom learned by bitter tears,
Yet, it reads full-oft aright,
Keen is intuition's sight,
And it knows who loves the best,
He who takes no earthly rest—
Such, your life, dear Father.

Then, from children's lips receive,
What your people all believe,
You're a gift from God above,
Sent in mercy and in love,
You're our guide and strength for aye
On the upward, Heavenward way:—
May we ever follow.

Take our offering, would 'twere more,
Could we richest mines explore,
Gladly would we gather wealth
Prayerfully we'd gain you health,
And we'd keep you thro' long years,
Free from toil and care and fears,
Filled with every blessing.

Little Blossoms

Assembled Today, Where So Many.

Assembled, today, where so many, dear Father,
Have spoken their greetings in words full of Love,
We call them in spirit to join our Te Deum,
For blessings untold coming down from above.
The years roll around bearing joys and deep sorrows:
Life always is chequered, wherever the land:
Yet, lightly the strokes of adversity touch us,
For ever near by is a Fatherly hand.
As children,—what know we but interest tender?
In grief, deepest sympathy, kindness divine,
In joy a partaker of every pleasure;
Happy children are we to be reckoned as thine.
Then gladly today, and with gratitude deepest,
Thanks we pour forth at the foot of God's throne,
For ourselves and for those who have entered life's struggle,
Strengthened by counsels not in words taught alone.
In childhood, in youth, in life's prime we find thee
An example to follow, a guide for our ways.
May our footsteps ne'er stray from the path thou hast trodden,
Then assured shall we be of a crown for our days.
Golden years do we pray to thy life-time be added,
Harvest rich of thy flock thy great pleasure to see,
And together may all in the glorious hereafter
Spend 'neath God's own bright sunshine—a grand Jubilee.

Here, Tonight, With Pride and Pleasure.

Here tonight with pride and pleasure
All are gathered, young and old;
'Round about us, lavish emblems
Of your fatherly love untold.
Who can tell the toil and courage
Which these trophies must portray?

None can count the care and worry
Waiting still the eternal day.
Lo! here stands our noble school-house
Wide proclaiming to the world
That the Church of God has heroes
Burning till Faith's flag's unfurled.
Who shall say that Popes and prelates,
Catholic priests and laymen, too,
Laugh at learning, limit reason?
Chide the accusation, you.
You, ye people, you, ye children,
Who, on every side broadcast,
See the work o'er which the spirit
Of your Father's zeal has passed.
Years may gather thick around us
And our youthful locks turn gray:
Yet, dear Father, green and happy
Still will be this bright June day.
As I speak, so think all others,
From the lisping babe whose word
Unformed still, means grateful loving
Thus all hearts, their thoughts unheard.
Prayers surround thee like a garment,
Prayers of a stainless and of those
Who for past transgressions grieving,
Sin's drear empire soon o'erthrows.
Take, dear Father, all our greetings,
None deserve them more than thou.
To our Faith, to what thou'st taught us,
True we'll be, tonight we vow.
When thy hands anointed, holy,
Towards God's Throne uplifted are,
Ask that they be filled with blessings
For thy children, near and far.

Little Blossoms

There are Silvery Sounds of Gladness.

There are silvery sounds of gladness,
Heart-beats full of joy betimes,
Prayers of love and deep thanksgiving
Mingle with exulting chimes.

On the Mesa all are telling
Of the years so swiftly sped—
Five and twenty years full laden,
Grace for living, peace for dead.

They foresaw with eye prophetic
Felt with heart divinely warm
That the barren waste, now fertile,
Would withstand the heat and storm.

Tho' the ground was parched and arid,
They could see clear fountains flow,
In Baptismal Waters laving
Man restored to grace below.

Watched the faint of heart and spirit
Weak of soul at Banquet true,
Nourished by His Blood—the Saviour's,
By His Flesh, they giants grew.

Those who sowed the seed so precious
Some rejoice, on earth today,
Others smile from thrones of glory
On this pageant's bright array.

Knew the tiny seed would perish
Giving life to Faith's great tree,
That St. Patrick's flock increasing
Would outnumber sands of sea.

And they heard the erring's whisper
Of repentance for his sin,
Saw the Dove of Peace descending,
Dwelling make his soul within.

Forth they went the guides and toilers
What they wrought today, we write
Miracles of love and labor,
Deeds unknown to mortal sight.

But the records bright in Heaven
(Could our eyes the vision know)
Of St. Patrick's on the Mesa
Dazzling are with Truth's rich glow.

Then, exult, the young and aged,
Priests and people, Spouses, too,
Of the Lamb whose word remaineth,
"Ever ancient, ever new."

There is Joyousness of Spirit.

There is joyousness of spirit as we trace the vanished years,
And the melody of music mingles with our griefless tears;
Clear silver notes of triumph ring far out upon the air,
With the glorious autumn sunshine spreading radiance everywhere.
St. Joseph's people gather in thankful prayer and praise,
For all God's blessings lavished and for His lengthened days.
Years five and twenty ended, they count the early cost,
The trials, sacrifices, to hold the Faith ne'er lost.

Little Blossoms

They see the fruitage garnered, the harvest ripe and great,
The laborers all ready, the Master's word await;
He smiles in benediction and sends unmeasured grace,
To fill each soul with blessing and light with love each face.
Back through the years we wander and gaze upon the spot
Where amid beginnings humble, God's work of love was wrought;
We see the small foundation grown to greatness widely spread,
And count as blessed the toilers—the living and the dead.
The pastors and the people who through the burdened years
Looked upward and worked onward, nor harbored petty fears.
Today, St. Joseph's spire with its cross of gold points high,
The church is filled with worshipers whose prayers pierce thro' the sky.
The school, the joy of pastor, and the people's hope and pride,
Shows to the world that Learning's Light with Faith must e'er abide,
Her avenues lead truthfully to Wisdom's broad domain,
Of every branch of knowledge, she forms an endless chain.
At founts of clearest water she bids the young to drink,
Nor lets their footsteps wander near error's dizzy brink.
St. Joseph's congregation may praise God's Holy Name,
And burn with honest pleasure at its share of earthly fame.
In spheres of highest honor we hear its names resound,
While the chosen sons and daughters Christ's "better path" have found.
The streams of grace keeps flowing, and God's own Sacred Heart
Burns with His love unquenchable, His blessings to impart;
The future years will reap in full the sowings of the past,
Until instead of silvery gleam, a golden glow will cast.
May pastors, people, children, rejoice on earth that day,
Made gloriously happy by Heaven's resplendent ray.
Amid today's hozannas may no voice in silence rest
But observe with royal pleasure fair gratitude's behest.
May songs of joy continue, and may the Jubilee Bell
The gladness of all spirits with Heavenly praises tell.

Far Above Our "Smoky City."

Far above our "Smoky City" is a spire pointing high,
When Aurora's magic fingers paint with gold the eastern sky,
Turn your earnest gaze upon it; read its history, strange to tell,
Make the lesson which it teaches in your soul fore'er to dwell.
This Mt. Adams was Mt. Ida, till Science claimed the height
For a tower astronomical, from which to pour her light.
Then was asked John Quincy Adams, he of presidential fame,
To place with pomp the "corner stone" and give the hill his name.
The time was Indian Summer of November, '43,
And Autumn's tints were glorious, o'er hill and vale to see.
The winding river just below, smiled back the merriest beams
And mirrored all the landscape with strange, fantastic gleams.
For the brave old "Cincinnati" 'twas a gladsome, gala day,
As out from all the city poured they forth in proud array.
The ceremony over, the Adams took his stand
To address the gathered multitude and laud our Freedom's land.
Columbia's praise was welcome to every heart and ear
And so the notes of Liberty re-echoed with a cheer:—
But, suddenly, as blossoms nipped by untimely frost,
All patriotic feelings were from noblest bosoms tossed.
A change came o'er the faces of true men assembled there,
As alas! one chilling sentence struck the clear November air.
"May this hill be free to Science, every emblem find a home,
But may the Cross be raised aloft on neither tower nor dome."
He spoke,—his words were registered,—a vow recorded, too,
By our late lamented Patriarch, to keep that hill in view,
To crown its lofty summit with a shrine to Mary's name,
And make the hill all-glorious with true Religion's fame.

Little Blossoms

Did he do it? The Immaculata whispers Heaven smiled upon his
vow,

Our stainless Mother's temple shortly claimed the mountain's brow.
Like a fortress grand, it stands there, staying God's avenging blow,
While the wicked city recks not, its impending fate below.

The monastery yonder, marks the place where Science bore,
Her votaries to pierce the clouds and nameless worlds explore,
To listen to the music of the far off rolling spheres,

Heard only by the chosen few with consecrated ears:

Now, Religion's sons are piercing, day and night the heaven's blue,
As with the soul's pure vision, celestial things they view.

They join angelic choirs in songs of praise above,

And prostrate beg for mercy before the throne of Love.

Like knights of old to Chivalry by vow and honor bound,

Their arms are ever ready, for Duty's bugle sound.

Today, the tinkling cymbal with the jubilee of bells,

The Cross of Christ made glorious, in silv'ry music tells.

A quarter of a century, the triumphant sign on high

Has crowned a second fortress reaching upward to the sky.

It speaks, today, as anciently to Constantine it spoke,

And in that pagan spirit, a love of Christ awoke.

It bids us raise our Labarum and conquer in the cross,

To count all earthly triumphs, even as a gainful loss.

It stands above our city, purest gold against the blue,

From dawn till shade a beacon, nor ever hid from view.

All hearts should, then, exulting praise the God of love and light,

And beg that we His people keep His temples ever bright,

Bright in their earthly splendor, brighter still in virtue's glow,

That thus our earthly dwelling may seem a Heaven below.



And this day of glad rejoicing will a pleasing foretaste be

Of our recompense in Heaven, a Christian jubilee.

Little Blossoms

Today is Filled With Gladness.

Today is filled with gladness, 'tis jubilant with song,
Heaven's arches high are ringing with alleluias loud and long.
The choirs nine in legions bow before the Great White Throne
Of the God-Man whom they worship, the Son Eternal whom they
own

As their leader and their ruler, since that day in ages past,
When was heard the din of battle, when sin's dreadful darkness cast,
Its shadows deep o'er intellects resplendent as the sun,
And highest thrones were vacant and evil's reign begun.
Confirmed in grace, these Spirits seek God's favorite being man
To fill the seats of majesty, complete the Father's plan.
They joy, today, in greeting myriad victors laurel-crowned;
Thro' the Heavenly Jerusalem peans glorious resound.
And, whilst our Guardian Angels are filled with joy and love,
We tune our earthly voices, blend our hymns with those above.
We all are guardian spirits, St. Vincent's Daughters true,
As the Angels work in Heaven, we wish on earth to do.
The infants unregenerate in baptismal pools we lave
Each phase of life we cherish, from the cradle to the grave.
As mothers watch we carefully the opening tender years,
The seeds of promise irrigate full oft with bitter tears.
The dawn of reason guarded, a victory foreshows;
Faith's army e'er triumphant, Satan's haughty reign o'erthrows.
The motherless we nurture and erring souls reclaim;
Christ's sick and sorrowing members we serve in His sweet name.
We train the infant learners to lisp the name of God, 
The older ones, His law to love and walk the path He trod.
The dying sinner teach we that mercy still remains, 
That Heaven was bought for Him by Christ in agonizing pains,
The happy and the joyous, the innocent and free,
We invite to join the chorus of a prayerful melody.

Little Blossoms

And so, 'tis meet, when Angels reverberating strains
Swell thro' the eternal mansions, where joy exultant reigns,
That this outer court, tho' humble, should know the blissful spell
And St. Joseph's Mount re-echo the chimes of Jubilee Bell.
Crowned with lustra five, our Mother, we greet in silvery tones,
While the Angels smile upon us from their bright empyreal thrones.
Was it accidental, think you, that years twenty-five ago
She left her mother's hearth to seek our old home down below?
Did not guardian spirits lead her, where her life-work lay concealed?
Had the Future's curtain risen what a fate would be revealed!
But the early years were reaping a rich and plenteous yield,
And stores of garnered wisdom were gathered from Life's field.
A charity nigh boundless sprung up within her heart
United to the courage from stern Duty ne'er to part.
And prayer its unction spreading o'er each fibre of her soul,
Prepared her for all conflicts which the Future might unroll.
And trials came, and sorrows, and burdens, not a few;
But they found her girt and ready,—a leader strong and true.
We might speak of noble daring, of humility profound,
Of a laudable ambition, of a judgment deep and sound;
But, dear Mother, all your children know your work of heart and brain
And your Angel's writ the record which forever shall remain.
The sick have felt your tenderness, the erring, how divine
Forgiveness is in mortals, like to Christ the All-Benign.
Material growth has added its weight of anxious care;
But we beg the Almighty Father heavier burdens still, to spare.
That He send a silvery lustre over all your coming years,
That the golden glow of Heaven may banish doubt and fears,
That this day of jubilation may the faintest presage be,
Of your Feast of Love, in Heaven,—your Eternal Jubilee.

Little Blossoms

Back Thro' Years of Toil and Labor.

Back thro' years of toil and labor,
Thought with lightsome footsteps speeds;
Few in number was our Order,
Busy scatt'ring wondrous seeds.

Seeds of love for every mortal,
Kindly deeds to one and all:
Records of the daily actions
None but angels can recall.

First-born daughter of that family,
Sister Vincent, let us greet,
On this Feast to all so cherished
With congratulations meet.

You were chosen, happy Sister,
First to swell that little band:
It has grown and God has blessed it,
Showered grace with generous hand.

Take these little offerings, Sister,
Tho' of richness they are shorn:
Let our Mother's hand present them,
To her first, her eldest born.

Let this day portray a brighter
In the future, when above,
Safe with God and with St. Vincent,
We shall spend our Feast of Love.

Little Blossoms

Oh, the Earth is Full of Gladness.

Oh the earth in full of gladness
In this Easter-tide we love,
And the trees are sending forth their leaves,
While Heaven smiles above.
Alleluia! writes the sunbeam,
Alleluia! sings each bird;
And the heart of man is beating
With love's music softly stirred.

He is risen! Yes, the Saviour
Walks again upon the earth,
And His followers journey after
With the zeal His death gave birth.
They shall count no trial heavy,
Since Christ has borne the cross;
But will reckon earthly greatness
Heaven's never-ending loss.

In our own dear, happy, circle,
Hear full notes of gladness sung,
And ask why joy is written
On all faces, old and young.
The story soon is whispered:—
“ 'Tis the Silver Jubilee
Of our little Novice Mistress,
Daughter true of Charity.”

Twenty years and five have vanished
From our dark material eyes;
But, who'll count their store of graces
Waiting her, beyond the skies?

Little Blossoms

First, her girlhood,—glad she gave it
To the Heart which said, "Be Mine,"
And He led her footsteps gently
Into Charity's sweet shrine.

Then, her earnest, deep endeavor
To do always what was best:
For, she said "God knoweth all things
And to Him I leave the rest.
My will to Him I offer,
My every act and thought,
And I ask that all my efforts
Into blessed deeds be wrought."

Dearest Sister, God is smiling
On this Silver Feast, today,
And your Sisters all are eager
Love's greetings warm to say.
The aged "God Speed" are crying
Your early friends, "God Bless!"
While the young, your novice-children
Give their souls' sincere caress.

May the bright and sparkling sunbeams
Of this happy April day,
Gild your future with their radiance
As you journey on life's way.
May your silver years grow warmer
With Religion's richest hue,
'Till golden days shall crown you
When Eternity's in view.

Little Blossoms

There's a Silvery Note in Our Voices.

There's a silvery note in our voices,
And a golden glow in our hearts,
With a glimpse of Heaven's beauty
In our little world apart.

We are counting the years, dear Sister,
Spent for the Master's love:
Five and twenty we find are freighted
With stores for the realms above.

"They shall shine like the stars of Heaven,"
Spoke our Saviour, long ago,
"Who others instruct to justice,"
In this sinful world below.

You have taken the young, dear Sister,
Taught the childish lips and soul
To give to God their first lisplings
Ere the world gain its sad control.

Day by day have you brought them nearer
Unto Jesus' Heart divine,
By helping each passing moment,
Virtue's fairest wreath to twine.

And so there is need of rejoicing
On this our Mother's day,
When our hearts leap forth in gladness
Immaculate! to say.

To be called to her Son's own household
On this fairest of all days,
Is a boon, my dearest Sister,
To merit endless praise.

Little Blossoms

You prize much the gift that was offered,
Your heart you have kept still young,
And 'mid sorrows and days of trial,
Love's jubilee you've sung.

And, now, when the years are fast going,
And Eternity's drawing nigh,
You will add to the treasures you've garnered
As the hours roll swiftly by.

And your hands will never be empty
Should the Master e'en quickly call:
For your life—it is wholly given,
Your heart,—your works,—your all.

I Bring You a Message Love-Laden.

I bring you a message love-laden,
From a region where love alone dwells,
From friends whose earth-voices are silent,
Whose greetings my little verse tells.

They are smiling today on this feasting,
For they count not your twenty-five years
By lapses of time, but by heart-throbs
Of your love and your hope and your fears.

The worth of your sacrifice golden,
When from home and home's loved ones you sped,
They have learned in the Master's own mansion
And they see your bright crown overhead.

They whisper how blest is the calling
To care for Christ's little ones here,
To strengthen the spirits grief-burdened
To give them of solace and cheer.

Little Blossoms

They say that far brighter than star-sun
For years the eternal you'll shine,
Since to justice you've others instructed,
Restoring Christ's image divine.

And your melodies which here have gladdened
The hearts of the old and the young,
Await you in regions celestial
Heaven's glorious choirs among.

With this message from friends who are with us
Tho' "our eyes are still held" them to view,
I join all my heart's warmest greetings
Bring love's sweetest blossoms to you.

How I pray that the silvery shining
Of this happy day warmer grow,
Till its sheen be the richest of golden,
O'er your fiftieth feast day to glow.

A Reverie.

A lull fell on my spirit
As I closed my eyes to dream
Of decades four just vanishing
With wondrous golden gleam;
I saw in far-off hours,
Life's balmy days of spring,
A youth, whose forehead pictured
The greatness years would bring.
To the dear old Blue Grass region,
The land of saints and men.

Little Blossoms

From Ohio the all-beautiful,
I saw him turning then,
To that ancient seat of learning,
To Bardstown's sacred hall,
With other earnest Levites
To answer Heaven's call.
And there in sweet seclusion
His soul and mind were fed;
The world of aimless vanity
He looked upon as dead.
When higher range of knowledge
He sought with yearning true,
To Mount St. Mary's of the West
His eager footsteps drew.
Her portals great closed 'round him,
She marked him as her own.
In future years returning
The harvest she had sown.
Anon, in Rome Imperial
God's earthly seat of power,
He lived with martyrs of the past,
Their blood the Church's dower.
He walked with every nation
With sage and saint abreast,
The learned of every soil and clime
He found his daily guest.
The wealth of all the ages
Outspread in grand array
Became his soul's possession,
Lived with him day by day.
In Pio Nono's blessing,
Beneath St. Peter's Dome,
He felt the Pontiff's power
Knew all the world as home.

Little Blossoms

Then when his Alma Mater
 Called to him o'er the sea,
He came with quickened footstep
 To guard her jealously.
The Sacred Unction gave him
 Giant's a might of heart and brain,
And he yearned to see Apostles
 As saintly rulers reign.
Next to his love of holiness
 He burned to see the light
Of Knowledge shine pre-eminent
 Destroying error's night.
The years rolled on till sorrow
 Came to that Mountain home
When Levites and Anointed
 Were forced afar to roam.
Did he sit in idle leisure?
 There are those who gladly tell
How Mother Seton's Daughters
 Unto his keeping fell.
'Mid years of varied labor
 Of heart and hand and brain,
And apostolic duties,
 He sought religion's gain.
Once more his Alma Mater
 Her loving arms oped wide,
When the loyal and true-hearted
 Bounded quickly to her side.
Then, as her foremost champion
 He guards her spotless name,
Lest any breath of evil
 Obscure her brilliant fame.
And lo! a century's quarter
 In silvery chimes is told,

Little Blossoms

Oh, the wealth of holy prayer and deeds
The years departed hold!
The lambs were well attended
Now the Master's love would keep
Such care and earnest vigils
For His elect—the sheep.
God sends the staff of office
With mitre crowns his brow,
The "Power of the Keys" proclaims
His heritage from now.
Then like another Thomas,
In early Scripture days,
He leaves his land, his kindred,
And seeks in distant ways
To spread his burning knowledge
Of the Incarnate God,
And banish every evil
With wisdom's chastening rod.
His lips have touched the fire
Which Seraphs breathe and know,
His pen like the Aquinas;
With brilliant thoughts aglow,
Writes but of Christ the Healer
His Priesthood, Church and Throne.
The breathings of the Paraclete
Are in each pulse and tone.
And so the years are passing
Unto the Golden Days,
While grateful hearts are praying
For lengthened earthly ways.
They know the eternal dawning
Will bring the royal crown
When, as confessor triumphant,
He lays life's burden down.

Little Blossoms

A Friend Should Call on Festal Days.

A friend should call on festal days
With off'rings meet for friend;
But for a Sister's silver day,
All beauteous things should blend.

I'd bring you flowers fresh and fair,
And thus delight your eye,
Into your ear the sweetest strains
I'd pour, as time goes by.

Your friends I'd have from far and near,
Each face, a happy smile,
No saddening fear should touch your heart,
Nor anxious care beguile.

I'd call from out the world beyond
Your nearest and most dear,
To whisper joys awaiting you,
Life's journey ended here.

I'd bring to you one dear to me,
To say in accents soft,
Her words of sweetest gratitude,
For kindly deeds so oft.

A measure rich, a measure full
Of God's choice gifts, today
Would be my offering, Sister mine,
If I could have my way.

God's way we know is better far,
And so with Him I place,
My prayer that He will give to you
A treasure rich of grace.

Little Blossoms

“Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant.”

“Well done, good and faithful servant!”

From the Master's lips we hear,
In His low, sweet tones of greeting
For your Silver Jubilee year.

All these years full five and twenty
For His suffering poor you've toiled,
Summer's heat, or winter's rigors,
E'en in thought you ne'er recoiled.

Well you studied His blessed pathway
As He walked this earth below,
Learned His tones of love and kindness
For the needy, years ago.

Like the harmony of music,
Peaceful spell your influence cast:
To the realms of endless glory
On love's wings your deeds have passed.

For the charity which makes us
Sacrifice ourselves fore'er,
Rises o'er the stars of Heaven
Or life's deepest depths will dare.

There's no fear when God is nigh us,
Naught is hard, His hand to aid,
And life's journey never dreary
Following the path He made.

Go on bravely, dearest Sister,
Earth's few days are waning fast,
Bliss transcendent there awaits you,
Finite portals safely passed.

Little Blossoms

'Tis a Day of Rejoicing, Dear Sister.

'Tis a day of rejoicing, dear Sister,
A day full of gladness and love;
Radiant hearts and bright faces are glowing
Reflecting God's smile from above.

Years five and twenty! their meaning
Only His records can show:
Neither tongue nor the pen of the earthly
Full light on such history can throw.

To your youth this great world was most lovely
Nor have later years made it less bright;
Yet you sacrificed all for His needy
To lead them o'er pathways aright.

You have given of food to the hungry,
Sweetly counselled the erring and weak,
Taught the lonely ones, broken with sorrow,
Jesus' Heart for true comfort to seek.

Thousand little ones, e'en in their lisping,
Have learned Heaven's truths from your tongue,
While the praises of Jesus and Mary
By their sweet baby voices were sung.

Every note you have touched of the organ,
Every harp-string whose soul you awoke,
Each musical score you have written,
Religion's deep feeling—all spoke.

And so it is meet, dearest Sister,
Our voices should ring forth in praise,
Our silvery anthems be joyous,
Warm love notes be heard thro' our lays.

When time with its works and its merit
Has passed to Eternity's shore,
A Daughter of Charity's portion
Shall be your reward, evermore.

Then, heard far above the grand paeans
Which transports celestial arouse,
Will be the soul's sweetest of welcome:
"Come My Daughter, My Sister, My Spouse!"

Twenty-five Links of Silver are Forging.

Twenty-five links of silver are forming
A chain which you offer today,
And the Master's rich tones we are hearing
As He bids you "Keep heart on the way!"

"My daughter, My Spouse," He is saying,
"Your life is all given to Me
And the links are more precious you're forging
Than gems of rich mines or of sea.

"Your words with sweet kindness ringing
Dropped as dew on the sorrow-tried heart,
The deeds which your hands ceased not doing
Have been of your life the blessed part.

"For I ask of all those who are trying
To follow Me far on the way
That they scatter my mercies unending
Wheresoever their footsteps may stray.

Little Blossoms

"Each link of your years is now telling
My message of love to the earth
While the choirs Angelic are chanting
Hymns they chanted the night of My Birth.

"Their 'Glory to God' they are singing,
And there's Peace in your heart, Child, today,
I, the Master, am sending this blessing
O'er your spirit forever to stay.

"Your Sisters love's gifts are bestowing,
And I take them as offered to Me
Your All has been Mine in the giving
Mine shall yours for Eternity be."

Five and Twenty Years, Dear Sister.

Five and twenty years, dear Sister,
Years of labor and of love,—
Years of toiling for our welfare
That we reach Christ's Court above.

Here, today, we count them over,
While our hearts pour forth in song,
While the joy bells peal love's anthem,
And our festive notes prolong.

Back we turn unto the hour
When the Master's urgent call
Brought you to His needy children,
With the words of life for all.

Little Blossoms

Day by day you taught and labored
Not by word of mouth alone,
For the precepts you most cherished,
In your daily life were shown.

In the class-room or home circle,
When with joy our hearts beat high,
Or when sorrow cast its shadow
Your sweet influence still was nigh.

E'er it whispered in our gladness
"Earthly hopes will pass away,"
And when mourning fell upon us
"Darkness leads to God's bright day."

So, 'tis meet, our dearest Sister,
That all hearts unite in praise,
Little ones life's path beginning,
Those who've tried its devious ways.

All, today, have formed a chorus
Of most tender, earnest prayer,
Plead with voice of grateful yearning
Gifts for you most rich and rare.

Gifts befitting God's own chosen
Which not earth nor worldlings know,
Crown of jewels all resplendent
With God's brightness all aglow.

Little Blossoms

In Your Fresh and Glowing Springtime.

In your fresh and glowing springtime,
With smiling skies o'erhead,
The green grass covering softly
The path your feet would tread,
A summons came—a whisper—
You answered quickly, too—
"My God, I give up all things
My heart, my life, to You."

The years have flown, dear Sister,
As time with us e'er goes,
And, today, we chime the silver bells
And a quarter century close.
Oh, would our tongues might tell you,
The blessings we would bring—
The golden graces sent you,
From the Court of Christ, our King.

We bring our gratulations
With the prayer that all life thro'
The silvery lustre of this Feast
May gleam as sparkling dew.
That when life's course is ended,
A royal crown you'll wear,
With the martyrs and the Virgins
Christ's victory to share.

Silver Crown for Golden Brow.

Silver crown for golden brow
Silver chimes for happy ears
Which shall hear the "Come, Thou blessed!"
Thro' the eternal golden years.

Just a Line from the One Who is Absent.

Just a line from the one who is absent
Whose greetings, your ears miss today:
But your heart-throbs should tell you most truly
Your Agnes is not far away.

What is distance to souls that are knitted?
Every barrier, love may o'erthrow.
So, I'm kneeling beside you this morning,
Your face with joy's brightness aglow.

We hear cherished tones at the Altar
Assist at "Love's Sacrifice" grand,
Receive, too, the Bread of the Angels
While in holiest envy they stand.

We vow, anew, life's immolation,
Give our little, still giving our all.
And He takes it—the Lord of Creation,
Us His Spouses forever to call.

Need I whisper what joys I would give you,
What graces I'd shower, today?
Oh, no word I could find half would tell you
The blessings my soul's lips would say.

Silver years I would turn into yellow,
The brightest and purest of gold:
Your heart I would fill with glad sunshine,
Nor suffer it e'er to grow old.

Friends the nearest and dearest around you,
I would place until life's day were o'er,
Then heart ne'er conceived all the glory
To be yours on eternity's shore.

Little Blossoms

Could I Steal from the Sunlight its Golden.

Could I steal from the sunlight its golden,
From the skies overhead their rich blue,
From the waters their shimmering silver,
I would paint you a picture most true.
For, your life—it is one of rare gladness,
And your heart—it knows naught of dull care;
While your river of time flows so gently,
Banked with flowers, rich-perfumed and fair.
Your years twenty-five, dearest Sister,
Passed you by as the spring-time so fleet,
Till we come with our simplest of treasures
This Silvery feast day to greet.
As we look o'er the years that have vanished,
And think of the deeds they contain,
Of your rich store of graces from Heaven,
Of sorrows, privation and pain,
We see that God's hand has been gentle
In dealing out trials for you,
He knows how you bask in the sunshine,
Stretch forth your heart petals for dew.
Could I paint you, 'twould be crowned with blessings
Which the Spouse of the Lamb e'er may know,
Surrounded by beauties of Nature,
Loved by truest of friends here below.
What my hand cannot trace with a pencil,
Nor with brush unskilled fingers portray,
This *kodak* will catch for you ever,
And hold the impressions for aye.

Little Blossoms

The Ground is Covered.

The ground is covered with the purest snow of winter,
Yet scarlet berries hang from drooping boughs;
What is the meaning and who decked the branches?
Who sent the vision—inmost souls to rouse?
Resplendent on the calendar of Saints in glory
A martyred soldier and a spotless maid we see;
Sebastian leader of imperial guards, proud Romans,
And Lady Agnes blossom of Rome's noblest tree.
For Christ they suffered, thro' Him alone they conquered
Nor lost such lessons on His followers, today;
Still may we count the bravest, noblest-hearted,
The tender maidens too, upon life's valiant way.
'Tis five and twenty years ago, we're proudly telling
Since she of whom we write, went forth alone,
Not led by honor nor by vain ambition,
To press the Master's footsteps reverently with her own.
He came in to the world—we know the sacred story—
To rescue sinners, helpless little ones secure
To comfort those surcharged with life's unhallowed burdens
To lead them to His fountains of water cool and pure.
We count His followers by the hundred thousand
Who pleasure, riches, honor,—all of these despise;
The world proclaims their life supremest folly
Which brings the joyousness of love past starlit skies;
We hear, today, glad songs and sacred anthems
And silvery bells send forth their sweetest chimes;
We greet the heroine, our dearest Sister,
And weave her life-work into simplest rhyme.
How gladly would we name the myriad blessings
She scattered o'er her way thro' arduous years now fled!
What help she brought to sinners broken-hearted
As back to virtue's path their footsteps sped!

Little Blossoms

To tender infants and to gray haired matrons
To guileless, erring, the unfortunate and lone
Her heart and hands stretched forth with love's rich blessings
To dry each tear or stray the sufferer's groan.
God gave her much; He blessed her earnest toiling,
Wrought marvels through her willing hands alone:
Ah, He forgets not what we leave for others;
He takes unto His heart ourselves and all our own.
And so, His loving care appears at cloudless dawning,
Or when night's darkness o'er our spirits fall:
Our Sister's life is filled with grace and merits
Which came as answer to her prayerful call,
Rejoice she must and all of us sing with her
Te Deum to our King Who reigns above.
May silver bells cease not their joyous ringing
Till golden tones sound forth with chords of love.

The Tinkling Joy Bells Sweetly Tell.

The tinkling joy bells sweetly tell
Of works for God you've done so well.
Silver, today, for cares and fears
And trials many thro' long years.
The gold will come when life is passed
And Jesus' smile is gently cast
On each kind deed, each prayerful day
Your five and twenty years portray.

Little Blossoms

Twenty-five Years for the Master.

Twenty-five years for the Master!
And what does He give you today?
Unworthy my pencil to write it,
My tongue is not gifted to say.
But I hear a soft whisper of blessing
For sacrifice noble and true,
And I fancy the joy of your spirit
As the Master His gaze turns to you.
"Well done, O my Daughter," He murmurs,
"All you had, you have given to Me.
From the wealth of My riches I pay you
A foretaste of Heaven you see.
Three brothers, three princes, My nobles,
Even Paradise has nothing higher—
An apostle, a shepherd most watchful,
His co-workers with zeal all afire.
They come to My altar with fervor,
They bid Me descend from above,
To take to My Heart their one sister
And crown her with holiest love.
Rejoice, then, My Spouse and My Sister,
For your years an Eternity waits;
Your sorrows, your toils, and your offerings
Are welcomed beyond Heaven's gates."

The Silver Sheen, Dear Sister.

The Silver sheen, dear Sister,
Will turn to purest gold
When Christ says "Come, my Daughter,
For age on age untold."

Little Blossoms

A May Jubilee.

The fairest, sweetest, blossoms come forth in joyous May,
The foliage is softest, the birds sing tenderest lay,
The air is then most balmy, celestial, heaven's blue,
The brooklet's crystal waters throw back the sun's bright hue.
The hearts of young are throbbing with raptures of delight,
Like bird and fragrant blossoms, their voice and smile are bright,
They see no darksome picture, and dream no saddening dream,
To them all things are lovely, more lovely than they seem.
Beyond the earth's fair vision they rise on wings of prayer,
Their soul of precious innocence its counterpart finds there
What wonder then that softly a call they hear within
To leave all fleeting pleasures, avoid the path of sin,
To walk the way the Master in loving kindness trod,
When He strove to bring all creatures unto His Father, God?
Today we count a period of five and twenty years,
With a wealth of earnest gladness and naught of bitter tears
The days were not all sunny, clouds sometimes hid the light;
But they never were so heavy as to wrap the soul in night.
From Michigan the northland, from Ohio's lovely gem,
There came unto St. Joseph's—today we're greeting them,
Two earnest fair young maidens knowing naught of earthly care,
But with spirits warm and ardent, that greatest things would dare.
They gave unto the lowly, with glowing hearts, their all,
And hesitated never, to obey the Spirit's call.
With Mother Seton's Daughters they cast their lots for aye,
To do the nearest duty, as it offered day by day.
God gave them talents many, which they doubled, yes, and more—
Today in Heavenly records, the angels count them o'er.

Little Blossoms

Our Sister Generosa fair Science led apart
And oped her hidden secrets to mind and eye and heart.
On classic roll her name is found, as earnestly she wends
Her way upon Perfection's road, to virtue's height ascends.
She blends all sorts of knowledge with wondrous light divine,
And makes Religion's handmaids most gloriously to shine.
Our "olive branch" dear Sister Olivia we call,
And find her with the artists in Painting's royal hall,
Of peace her name will tell us, her brush is peaceful, too,
And delicate her touches with colors ever true.
On priestly robes her blossoms grow as if with magic grace,
And with wondrous beauty ever she adorns each holy place,
The sanctuary's brilliant, with flood of light today,
And the voices in the choir charm our thoughts from earth away.
There's a silvery chime we're hearing from the regions, oh; so far!
And each stroke is sweetest music with no discordant jar,
The tender strain we're catching is the Jubilee chant above.
Of our Sisters' exaltation their Silver Feast of Love.

Royal Gifts.

Your Sisters offer Silver gifts:
Tho' simple still in form,
They speak the true affection
Of hearts sincere and warm.

The Master offers Golden,
On this feast of royal grace.
And the Crown of Love He'll give you,
When you meet Him, face to face.

Little Blossoms

A Jubilee Message.

Your are kneeling, dear Sister, this morning,
As you knelt, five and twenty years gone,
Your prayers are ascending to Heaven
As they soared at Religion's first dawn.

What you gave in youth's balmiest season,
A heart by the world never owned,
We find still untouched by its maxims,
Resting safe on Love's altar enthroned.

There reigns in your soul a sweet calmness
The Paraclete's priceless bequest—
The gift which in darkness or sorrow
Shows the path to the haven of rest.

"Learn of Me," said the Master so gentle,
And His meekness you've copied life through.
Ah, it teaches those storm-tossed by passion
What Heavenly kindness can do.

It raises a bulwark of virtue
No invisible foe may o'erthrow,
And it offers a bourne of protection
Where aching hearts trustfully go.

It has followed you down through the passing
Of twenty and five precious years,
It will dwell with you on thro' Life's journey
Keeping far away anguish and fears.

Little Blossoms

Sweet notes of soft music are stealing
Silver tones from Time's Century bell,
But 'tis only the soul's voice, my Sister,
The soul's truest greetings may tell.

We come now with love freighted off'rings
Perfumed rich with the incense of prayer,
And from Heaven we bear you a message
That your crown and white raiment are there.

Silver Joy Bells Tell the Story.

Silver joy bells tell the story
Of your five and twenty years;
Loving friends bring gratulations
Crowning of life's hopes and fears.
God has blessed your varied pathways
Smiled upon your efforts true;
For this jubilee He offers
Special graces—all for you.
May the brightness of this feast-day
Warmer grow with lengthened ray
Till at last you'll spend another
Golden feast—with God for aye.

Birthdays.

Little Blossoms

We Come, Today, Dear Father.

We come, today, dear Father,
As we oft have come before:
We're gathered in this dear old hall,
To call up scenes of yore.
We go back half a century
And step by step, retrace
The semi-cycle finished,
Of your noble, earthly race.

As the sun upon his circuit,
In midsummer, seems to rest
At the solstice, looking proudly
O'er all his works the best:
So, today, it were befitting
That you glance with honest pride,
O'er the harvest rich you've garnered
And scattered far and wide.

Self never came before you,
Nor comes she ever, now —
A stranger at your hearth-stone,
Whose claims you disallow:
But, the needy, poor, afflicted,
The forgotten and oppressed,
Know well the pathway thither,
And going, they are blest.

Thus a father, friend, and pastor,
Duties three, fulfilled in you,
And your people glory ever,
To these titles you are true.

Little Blossoms

Like the Master, His disciple
Must take his daily cross,
And following paths all checkered,
Count pure earthly gains, a loss.

You have felt the bitter anguish,
Known that ingrates still may live,
Learned that worth may merit envy:
But you know best—to forgive.
As in days long gone, the Vandal
Was o'ercome by Jesus' name,
And Might was forced to yield to Right:
Such seems your constant aim.

A change has come on all things,
Which your generous hand has blest,
And the work will slacken, never,
Till you fold your arms in rest.
Our hearts as golden censers
Filled with perfume rich and rare,
Today we offer burning
With the incense sweet of prayer.

And we ask that years all golden
With love, be given you,
That hope and health, that strength and grace
Each year, your life renew.
For, the world needs those who show her
That she's but a phantom fair,
Who'll bravely raise the finger
With the warning word—"Beware!"

Little Blossoms

We bring our little offering
Had we only mines of gold,
We would make it fifty millions,
Yes, numbers yet untold.
But you will take it, Father,
With your children's wealth of love:
Your gold is fast accruing
In God's own mint above.

It is Said that Our Birthdays Bring Sadness.

It is said that our birthdays bring sadness
At the thought of the years which have flown:
Yet, not true is this thought of the poet,
Why should we life's progress bemoan?

Added years to the true Christian hero,
Bring a record of victories won,
Show a summing of earnest endeavors,
Speak of noble works, silently done.

Age crowneth the Christian with wisdom,
That knowledge which comes of the cross,
Throws a halo of glory around him
Bears him treasures instead of a loss.

As the weeks roll around, dearest Father,
And we hail with our greetings so glad,
Your natal day's joyous returning,
Our hearts are indeed, far from sad.

As children beloved of our Father,
And loving him well in return,
We rejoice that each year finds you with us,
And our souls with deep gratitude burn.

Little Blossoms

Our good is, we know, the prime motive
Impelling your every work,
Tho' hard be the task and enduring,
No complaint in your kind heart may lurk.

Accept, dearest Father, these tokens
Of affection most deep and sincere,
May our lives be a solace and comfort,
May they gladden your pilgrimage here.

When Heaven's great archway is opened
And you've entered the portals on high,
'Round your throne, blessing God for His goodness,
May your children exulting be nigh.

Fifty Years and One Have Glided.

Fifty years and one have glided
Safely nestled in the past:
Not like things of earth, forgotten,
Destined are they, long to last.
First there comes the early off'ring,
Sacrifice of home and friends,
What to hearts is ever sweetest
That which to life's pleasure lends.
Marvel we, of minds still earthly,
How heroic souls are formed,
What's the charm in life secluded
That so oft young souls has warmed.
Purest water seeks the fountain,
Fairest gems the darkness shun,
Chosen souls love endless brightness
Of the Eternal Father's Son.

Little Blossoms

Your Birthday Comes in April.

Your Birthday comes in April
The month of smiles and tears:
And is it not a picture
Of all life's fitful years?

If choice to me were given,
Except our Mother's May—
I'd rather come in April
Upon this earth to stay.

For April hearts are sunny,
And full of brightest dreams,
E'en joy they see thro' sorrow,
As sun, thro' rain-clouds gleams.

They find the sweetest pleasure
At April's timely birth,
In noting plants and verdure
Uplifting from the earth.

They watch the swelling leaf-buds
And the brooklet's crystal flow,
As it chants its happy message
To the river down below.

Thus they find a wealth of gladness
As the spring comes, o'er and o'er,
Nor older grow each April,
But younger by a score.

With love their hearts are freighted,
Their souls are full of peace,
Their minds perceive the glory
In Heaven ne'er to cease.

Little Blossoms

I pray your life may never
 Feel care's dark storm-cloud lower,
That sorrows press you lightly,
 As fall the April shower.

May friendship e'er surround you
 With fragrance like the spring,
Your heart pour forth its gladness
 As birds their carols sing.

What Would You Give a Dear, Dear Friend.

What would you give a dear, dear friend,
 If you could count all treasure?
I'd steal into his very heart
 And learn his wished for pleasure.

While little hands you know can't gain
 The riches of the many,
Yet, little hearts may love you well,
 Yes, love as hard as any.

Your birthday brings great joy to all,
 And down in grateful pleading,
We kneel to ask our dearest Lord
 To grant what'er you're needing.

Our wealth lies in His Own Sweet Heart—
 Our treasure there, unending:
May His grace descend in fulness now,
 While your feast-day all are spending:

With greeting warm of children's hearts,
 Accept this off'ring lowly:
While knowing well, if more we had,
 That more, we'd give you wholly.

Little Blossoms

Heart-Gifts are Always Precious.

Heart-gifts are always precious,
For ne'er can they be bought:
In mines, the richest jewels,
In seas, rare pearls are sought:
But what we prize of all things,
Spontaneous must be,
So Friendship comes unbidden
With offerings to thee.

Thy friends with earth's fairest flowers,
With Heaven's—far more sweet,
Their prayers and benedictions,—
Thy natal day would greet,
They beg that peace most perfect
Within thy soul may steal,
To banish every shadow,
And God's own light reveal.

They know that all thy trials
Are sent by God thro' love,
That endless joys await thee
In His Home of bliss above.
They pray that purest pleasure
And friends sincere and true,
Be thine on earth—God's own reward,
The endless ages through.

Little Blossoms

Our Birthdays are Mile-Stones.

Our birthdays are mile-stones declaring
God's richest of gifts through life's day,
From the dawn of our early existence
Till our sun sheds his last parting ray.

In childhood's first decade, the distance
Seems greater and longer the way;
In the second and third, space is lessened,
And we fain would beg Time to delay.

The fourth brings us serious lessons
Deep knowledge forever to stay;
For our souls the sad days of November
Oft are better than sunnier May.

The fifth follows then with its glory
Reflected from shores far away;
Beyond death are the bright rays eternal
Which life's safest pathways display.

'Tis your golden year tested, dear Father,
In a crucible not made of clay:
What the Master refines is the purest,
Made perfect to work or to pray.

May the decades to come have their fulness
As youth's spring in its blossoming gay,
In their richness be like unto Autumn
Ere Death brings cold winter and grey.

Little Blossoms

Flowers are the Sweetest Things.

Flowers are the sweetest things
And I know you love them:
They are almost bright as stars
Twinkling high above them.
They are counting:—hear them say,
"One and seven times seven:—"
Fifty golden years on earth
Make millions up in Heaven.

In a Pensive Mood, One Eve, I Wandered.

In a pensive mood, one eve, I wandered
Down the corridors of days gone by:
Many a scene my eager gaze attracted,
Often, too, burst from my soul, a sigh.
Now, a child passed by me in her rambles,
What held time for her? then quickly crossed my mind,
Was she destined for a life of pleasure,
Or would she the better pathway find?

Care or trouble seemed to weigh light on her,
Not a shadow dimmed her youthful face:
Yet, a token of a blessed future,
Saw I there, some hidden, inward grace.
Years passed on, the child becomes a woman
Sixteen summers scarcely numbered are,
When from earth she turns her thoughts to Heaven
And 'gainst self proclaims a holy war.

Little Blossoms

At the Altar, bowed in lowly rev'rence
To her God she vows herself, her all:
Scarcely from on high had passed the summon,
When she quickly answers the blest call.
Time's great wheel performs its revolutions
And each turn displays heroic deeds,
Of the child, the maiden, now a woman
As she plants in souls sweet virtue's seeds.

Yes, around her many children gather,
With their festal off'rings—gifts of love.
Loyal hearts, beseeching choicest blessings
To descend today, from Heaven above.
And they ask of Jesus' Foster Father,
Dear St. Joseph—thro' Life's toilsome day,
E'er to guard and guide her pathway
Light it o'er with Heaven's eternal ray.

I've Been Musing and Dreaming and Thinking.

I've been musing and dreaming and thinking
Of the days that are long past and fled,
Of the hopes which they bore on their pinions,
And how many lie withered and dead.

I have looked at the aims of the mighty
As they clambered to summits so high,
I have seen them like lightning speed downward,
Hopeless wrecks, there forever to lie.

And as visions like these passed before me,
A voice from my soul seemed to say:
"Is there naught on this earth that is lasting?
Must all things that are born soon decay?"

Little Blossoms

At these words, as with magical power
Before me a casket was brought:
On each ruby and diamond and emerald,
Brightest records of life I found wrought.

The gems in their brilliancy sparkled
As I counted them eagerly o'er,
And read of the years which they reckoned,
Just numbering in all, fifty-four.

The pearl of sweet innocent childhood,
Its own lovely story revealed,
As it lay in the lap of the casket
By brilliant gems almost concealed.

The diamond of Faith spoke of combats,
Stern victories of heart and of will,
Encounters with self and with others,
But the arms only self seemed to kill.

The ruby so red and made brilliant
By love from the Heart of a God,
Gave its records of kindness in pathways
Where willing feet often had trod.

The emerald tried, faithfulness pictured,
The sapphire, self-sacrifice true,
The opal reflected some others,
And thus it was all the way through.

So the casket mysteriously brought me
To my soul a deep lesson thus taught,
That on earth we may gain what is lasting,
By each deed, every word, every thought.

Little Blossoms

Mother, Take Thy Child's Warm Greetings.

Mother, list thy child's warm greetings
On this day we love so well!
All the blessings that we wish thee,
Tongue, nor pen, nor words can tell.

Of thy life, swift days have vanished,
Fifty years and two are past:
But departing, each has 'round thee
Sweetest rays of goodness cast.

Of that brightness, we've partaken,
Blessed we've been beneath thy care.
Only those who've been thy children,
Know what deeds thy love will dare.

Cares and sorrows o'er thy pathway
Thick are scattered by God's Hand:
But thy noble soul endures them,
Reaps their fruit for Heaven's land.

Carefully numbered are thy conflicts,
Vict'ries all to God are known:
And He looks upon thee sweetly,
For He counts them all His own.

In the Sacred Heart's vast treasures
All our means of grace we gain.
There, our hearts with thine, dear Mother,
We have linked in love's gold chain.

May each sorrow be a blossom
Fragrant of thy sacrifice,
May the garland of them woven
Ravish e'en Angelic eyes.

Little Blossoms

Dearest Mother, words are barren
Heart's deep feelings to express,
But God knows how much we thank thee
And have asked Him thee to bless.

May thy glory for hereafter
By our prayers be rendered great,
In eternity, dear Mother,
Nothing can our love abate.

“Howdy, Honey, Howdy.”

"Howdy, honey, howdy?" on your natal day,
Do the years come lagging, down life's shady way?
Have the lights, or shadows of sweet days ago
Lengthened out the further as the years roll on?

I can hear the birds sing, as in days before,
There are now no carols like the songs of yore;
Blossoms, then, were sweeter in the orchards old,
E'en the snow was whiter o'er the wintry wold.

Violets were richer in their purple hue:
Meadow grass was sweeter glist'ning o'er with dew.
Dandelions golden glorious then did seem
As they raised their faces to the glad sunbeam.

Bluest blue the heavens, fleeciest the clouds,
(Oft a heavy darkness now our sky o'ershrouds);
Emerald the greensward, perfumed rich the air,
And our lives sped onward, knowing naught of care.

Oh, youth's merry laughter, oh, the castles rare
Which we built for others—all the world had share.
Happy were our evenings, full of work our days,
Every hour was lighted by love's brightest rays.

Little Blossoms

In the dear old chapel, oh, what bliss we felt!
Seemed we near to Heaven, as in prayer we knelt.
And the wealth of friendship ne'er could richer be
Which God placed about us,—gave to you and me.

Few are still remaining, many now look down
From their thrones in Heaven, where each wears a crown
Brilliant in its settings,—such as martyrs wear,
For love they gave their life-work and won a victor's share.

O'er the self same pathway, move our footsteps on,
Till our life-term ended, we shall see the dawn
Of eternal brightness on that glorious shore
Where our Father's welcome awaits us evermore.

This is Mother's Birthday.

This is Mother's birthday! Oh the joyous ring
In all hearts and voices when they speak or sing!
'Round the name of Mother, Love weaves magic spell,
No other word we utter such tenderness can tell.
Other tones may soothe us in our lighter cares;
Only Mother's spirit our deeper sorrow shares.
She knows best the heartaches we hide from other eyes,
She gives truest counsel with loving words and wise.
She can smoothe pain's pillow with Mother's touch alone;
Her ear is first to notice the scarcely whispered moan.
And her heart grows larger expanding with the more
Which each day and hour brings to her o'er and o'er.
There seems never limit to what she'll do and dare,
God-given are her graces and heroism rare.

Little Blossoms

Joyously, dear Mother, we hail your natal day,
Bring you warmest greetings for life's well-trodden way.
You have known deep sorrows and great joys have felt;
For Heaven smiled upon you as in prayer you knelt.
To God's greater glory all your life's been turned;
For the weak and lowly with charity you've burned.
God has kept the record of each kindly deed;
And your heart's desires for all in pain or need.
He will from His bounty return, in royal way
What to His least you've given, thro' Heaven's endless day.
He will crown you victor in Charity's long race;
And lead you to His Kingdom beyond earth's measured space.
There with Saints and Angels and Our Mother pure,
Your birthday you will celebrate while ages shall endure.

Just a Wee Little Verse for Your Birthday.

Just a wee little verse for your birthday
Which calls up the many past years:
What lessons of life they have taught us,
Of our hopes and our loves and our fears!

The sweet blossoms we culled in our springtime,
Oh, their perfume is lingering still,
And the music of early day's fancy
Holds the rhythm of smooth-flowing rill.

We dreamed not of sorrow's dread pathway
Over which our feet often would cross,
Our lives then so full of hope's glories
We divined not, could suffer a loss.

Little Blossoms

One by one has the Master removed them,
The ties which we thought ne'er could break
In their stead, He has given us wisdom,
Made our souls to His promise awake.

And, so, as life's ending draws nearer
Our hearts all the tenderer grow;
Each mortal some lessons of sadness
And some dreary hours must know.

Then, let us go forth, who are chosen
And who bitterest tidings have learned;
We shall reign with our crucified Saviour
If by kindness, such honor we've earned.

Years Sixty-One Did You Tell Me?

Years sixty-one did you tell me?
And decades four given to God?
When the world all around you was smiling,
You forsook the broad path which it trod.
You knew that its pleasures were luring,
That its charms hid a poisonous tongue,
That beneath the fair form of its beauty
Lay a snare for the guileless and young.
You felt a call deep in your spirit
To comfort the desolate and lone,
That God wished your help for the erring,
And your heart to be always His own;
Oh, we have looked on, Sister dearest,
As year after year has rolled by,
The marvels your zeal has created
Are known but in records on high.

Little Blossoms

Your charity patient and boundless,
As ocean which rolls grandly on,
Sees no limit of night with its darkness
Nor beginning with morning's fresh dawn.
It lives with you always, my Sister,
Is your food and your meat night and day;
Oh, would that our tongues were inspired
The least of your praises to say.
But in fancy, we see the glad thousands
Of Infant Saints throng to the Gate
When your pilgrimage earthly is ended,
With joy your home-coming to wait.
They will carry you straight to the Master
Whose cause here on earth was your own;
He will give you a Virgin's fair garland
And place you near Mary's bright throne.

Toll the Bells Sadly for Thirty Years Gone!

Toll the bell sadly for thirty years gone!
Time marches swiftly and steadily on.
Even our brows his stern records must wear
Chiseled thereon in the deep lines of care.

Visions of "short" lives may haunt us betimes,
Till our own dirges, we form in sweet rhymes,
Plan out a youthful and tender demise—
Alas! but few see with prophetic eyes.

Tho' not possessing keen sight of a seer,
Far in the future, I see thee still near:
Therefore, I send, in this plain little box,
A "Smoother", my dear, for you then, hoary locks.

Little Blossoms

Chime the bells gladly, this stormy March day,
Let the fierce winds bear my greeting away.
Let each silv'ry note rung in gladness and glee,
Tell the fond hopes of a Sister, for thee.

May of life, thy fourth decade already begun,
End with rich treasures of noblest work done.
Be we all blessings on the pathways we've trod,
And at last live together in the Heart of our God.

In Years Gone By, How Oft Have I.

In years gone by,
How oft have I
 Heard you so softly say:
"In two years more,
Mayhap before,
 From you I'll pass away."

As I look o'er
Those days of yore
 And count the years since then,
I find for you
Instead of two,
 A number close to ten.

So now, you see,
Your prophecy
 Has proved in fault your thought
We're growing old
A truth soon told
 And counted oft as nought.

Little Blossoms

Today I twine,
(You're twenty-nine)
A garland pure and bright
Of roses rare
And lilies fair,
But all unknown to sight.

I offer these
That by degrees,
Your heart indifferent grow,
If you go West,—
Just think it best—
We're pilgrims here, you know.

I pray sweet peace
May never cease
Within your soul to dwell:—
Old Father Time
Cuts short my rhyme
For—there's the "Quarter Bell."

I'm Seated Near My Window.

I'm seated near my window and your picture comes to me
Not as now in sombre garments, the garb of Charity,
But as childhood's dainty blossom,—a sweet "forget-me-not,"
Your eyes of blue, so tender, e'en then gave forth love's thought.

Your face so fair and sunny, yet grave, stole then my heart,
While your silken ringlets falling played their own enchanting part.
You were tiny, then, my Mamie, nor could "Auntie Agnes" know,
You were playing in the garden, all alone—I found you so.

Little Blossoms

No introduction needed, our hearts sprang forth to greet
And I felt that your maturing would bring me joys most sweet.
You were a queen, my darling, in a home then filled with joy:
Your Papa looked with pride on three, with George his only boy.

Your Mama, sweet and gentle, not as old as you are now,
Showed neither care nor sorrow on her smooth and tranquil brow.
And Susie with strange dignity, for child of years not four,
Must show me all the honors, whilst George would you adore.

Down on his knees before you, as if to pay you court,
Most seriously he did it, thro' love, and not in sport.
Oh, what a happy visit! and with what thankful heart
My prayers ascended ever that God His grace impart.

Your Uncle Johnnie, dearest, felt the charms of that loved spot,
But for its added happiness, he had no earthly thought.
Then God a gift most precious, in Anna, sent to all:
I can hear her baby prattle and her laugh like music fall.

But ere she knew home's gladness, a shadow quickly fell,
And brought a lasting sorrow, as all our hearts may tell.
In quick succession taken, all our dear ones went to God;
"Home" seemed for long none other than a place beneath the sod.

Too young to know in fullness your loss, my precious four,
You found your Aunties' hearts held, of love a mother's store.
And there you nestled sweetly, whilst they mourned the dear ones fled,
'Twere not well that lisping children should understand the dead.

Little Blossoms

Now, blessed be God! my darling, for His loving care of all,
At morn, at noon, at eve'n, His benedictions fall.
Your Aunties' hearts are gladdened by love's most sweet return,
And for no other riches than virtue's wealth they yearn.

They would see their precious treasures—God-given years ago,
For the poor and sick and needy, with charity aglow.
They would have them sweet and cheerful, dark envy knowing not,
The queenly gift of kindness found in every act and thought.

They would wish their lives a spring-time, beneath the sun of grace,
With virtue's fairest blossoms to beautify each face.
That all their hope and comfort be placed in childlike prayer,
At last with all our loved ones Heaven's endless bliss to share.

Feastdays.

Little Blossoms

From Tiny Lips, but Tiny Words.

From tiny lips, but tiny words
I know are e'er expected,
And this is why we little folks
So often are neglected.

If small in size, we're great in love
As those of years maturer:
Their learned speeches can not boast
Affection any surer.

For childish hearts can grateful be
And love our Father dearly,
And be rejoiced as older ones
When his Feast-day comes 'round yearly.

We pray too, at our Mother's shrine,
For blessings without number:
And ask for you a heavenly crown,
When from earthly toil you slumber.

We love to see you well and glad,
Our own dear Father, ever:
And pray that duty's call our paths
May separate, here, never.

When big we grow, and old, and gray,
Our Father still we'll call you:
And hope that thro' the years till then,
No sorrow may befall you.

And, now, dear Father, take our verse
Humble in form and spelling:
Yet, like our hearts, sincere, it tells
The love within us dwelling.

Little Blossoms

How Can a Little Girl, Dear Father?

How can a little girl, dear Father,
Tell you what the flowers say?
Each fair blossom, like your children,
Has its own sweet, tender way.

Some would say, "We thank you, Father,"
Others whisper, "Much we love!"
All would join in prayer's rich fragrance
Soaring upward as the dove.

So, I think, if you will listen
You can catch each flower's thought.
They have stolen all our wishes
And of them this nosegay wrought.

Blue, you know, reflects the heavens
Guileless and forever true,
Red portrays the Heart of Jesus
Where your children all place you.

White and purple, royal colors,
Emblems are of priestly life;
Green betokens faith unending,
Gold your crown for mortal strife.

While the flowers all are speaking,
And our hearts with love o'erflow,
That we offer gifts eternal
Words of ours need not to show.

Little Blossoms

With the Joy Bells of Christmas, Dear Father.

With the joy bells of Christmas, dear Father,
And the Angels' rich chorus of praise,
Our notes full of gladness we mingle
As our voices to Heaven we raise.

With greetings we come and love's off'ring
Though simple are both to unfold,
For your children you know, dearest Father,
Have wealth not of speech nor of gold.

But we ask of the dear Infant Saviour,
From the realms of His Father above.
To shower all treasures upon you,
But chiefly, the gift of His love.

And we beg Him to add, oh so many
Happy years—that your life may be long—
That each Christmas you hear with new gladness
The words of the Angels' sweet song.

“A Merry Christmas! Father Dear.”

"A Merry Christmas! Father dear,"
We think sounds far more sweet
When spoken by your little ones
Than if the older greet.

For Christmas is the Feast of Love
And Feast of Children, too,
The God of Heaven comes as Child
To bless us all—and you.

Little Blossoms

When at His feet we kneel to pray
For all we hold so dear,
Your name in grateful words we tell,
And ask to keep you here.

Long, long we wish for you to stay,
With grace your years abound,
'Till Christ receives you at the last
With richest blessings crowned.

Christmas Wish.

We can't sing or speak so nicely
As the larger girls and boys,
But we wish you,—every one of us,
A whole heart full of joys.

We pray the Infant Jesus
Coming soon at Christmas-time
And His Blessed Mother, also
Gifts to bring you, most sublime.

And we promise to try always
Good to be, as old we grow:
Of all the things that we can do
It will please you most, we know.

We Have Come to Greet You, Father.

We have come to greet you, Father,
And to pray your life be long:
See, the happy faces beaming,
All our hearts are filled with song.

Little Blossoms

Merrier birds the early spring-time
Will not find in wood or dell:
For, this day is yours, dear Father,
Let our songs the tidings tell.

Hail, three decades of your priesthood!
Which we crown with these bright flowers.
They are sparkling with the dew-drops,
As your deeds with Heaven's showers.

Here, carnations, white and ruby,
Purity and Faith divine,
Emblems meet, today, to offer,
At affection's sacred shrine.

Then the vale sends forth its lilies
And its violets, so meek:
"Be ye humble like the Master"
Are the words these blossoms speak.

Roses whisper queenly virtue,
Charity within your heart,
Springing up along life's pathway,
Thorns despising with their dart.

Ferns and leaves and vines of emerald
Ah! they lend a magic spell,—
Faith's old story, martyr's conflict,
Wondrous history they tell.

And we twine amid these blossoms
Others known to Heaven alone:
Angels make the off'ring for us,
And your works the seeds have sown.

Little Blossoms

We have filled each tiny calyx
With our earnest, fondest prayer:
It will last when these have withered—
All these flowerets sweet and fair.

May the Saint whose day we honor,
Send you from the realms above,
Health and peace and grace unending,
With the Spirit's smile of love.

We Come Here Today With Glad Greetings.

We come here today, with glad greetings
Our hearts filled with joy and with song,
Our souls winging upward to Heaven,
In prayer that your life may be long.

That each of the swift-fleeting moments
May bear in its passage above,
Of God's benediction the choicest
The mark of His untiring love.

We look thro' the cloudlets of Heaven
And your days' written record we scan.
The Angels present us the story,
The life of a God-fearing man.

We praise the All-Holy forever,
That His gifts are not void in your heart,
And we hope your example to follow
And thus of your glory form part.

So we wreath of fond wishes a garland
And gratefully crown you today,
That your future be peaceful and happy,
All your children most earnestly pray.

Little Blossoms

Feast of St. Joseph.

Nature's heart is full of gladness,
For the springtime comes again;
Birds are singing, leaves are budding,
And new life is given to men.

In this month when winter leaves us,
And hope springs anew to all,
Dear St. Joseph has his Feast-day
Bids us for God's favors call.

He was Mary's kind protector
Jesus' Foster-Father, too.
He will guard Christ's Church forever,
And will hear our prayers for you.

He's your patron, dearest Father,
So we know with loving care
Each day's offering he will treasure
And procure you graces rare.

Every child reminds him sweetly,
Of the Christ-Child years ago;
Never will he spurn such pleading
Sent to him from earth below.

We shall ask him to add many
Feasts to this we now enjoy,
Till we earn with Him forever
Heaven's bliss without alloy.

Little Blossoms

Happy Feast! Dear Father.

Happy Feast! dear Father, joyous day be this
Harbinger of glory in the world of bliss.
Great St. John, your patron in the courts above,
Knows today, the fulness of eternal love.

Here on earth he suffered, want and pain he tried:
For he came as herald of the Crucified.
Full his heart with longing near his God to be,
Yet, when duty called him, bided patiently.

It was deed heroic love like his to tame
To wait and toil and suffer, till the mandate came.
Welcome was the swordsman to give him Heav'n and God,
For strife to him was nothing while on the earth he trod.

List the grand eulogium! well might he all things scorn:
"Greater man," said Jesus, "never hath been born."
To your holy patron, likeness meet we trace:
You have scorned earth's honors, joined the noble race.

As the Baptist, daily, preached of penance due,
So your life and lessons urge your children, too.
Gratefully we thank you and of God we ask
That with hearts all willing, we may ease your task.

And when time is over, with St. John, may we
Know an endless feast-day in eternity.
And St. William coming with tomorrow's sun
Gladly we remember his glorious course is run.

He today's exulting, for he bore the cross,
Counting earth's fleet pleasures only Heaven's loss.
Like St. John, a victim, to atone for sin,
The world could never enter his pure soul within.

Little Blossoms

Fled he from all comfort which e'en Saints may know—
Great his thirst and longing love for God to show.
Kind was he, to others, to himself severe.
Zeal for man's salvation was to him most dear.

Like your patron, Father, you, too, offer all
For the grand fulfilling of Jesus' earnest call.
While we chant our greetings, thanks we send above,
For all blessings wafted from the throne of Love.

May both Saints whose feastdays we celebrate with joy,
To our cherished Fathers bring bliss without alloy.
May your flock God-given wander not away
But find with you the dawning of God's endless day.

When I Kneel in My Place in the Chapel.

When I kneel in my place in the chapel
And look at our masterpiece grand,
Where the Father Eternal majestic,
Turns to Gabriel at His right hand,
I can hear the loved message he's taking,
And I fancy his speed to the earth,
To tell our Immaculate Mother
The glorious news of Christ's birth.

I see her astonishment holy,
Of her soul's priceless pearl, note her care;
Then how swiftly her "Fiat" is spoken
When she knows that God only is there.
And I think me how favored, O Gabriel!
A mission sublimest of all—
To carry the plan of redemption,
On the Queen of high Heaven to call.

Little Blossoms

Then, e'en the bright Angel I banish,
And stay with our Mother alone,
As she kneels in apartment so lowly,
All Heaven preparing her throne.
Her soul's brightest whiteness enthalls me,
Her bearing so humble and meek,
And the voice of her prayers, richest music,
For only in prayer does she speak.

Then I muse on this life and its trials,
And I trace all her anguish and care,
How she suffered through love of us mortals;
For, of sin, she had naught to repair.
And I know that her title of Mother,
God's Mother, would ne'er have been said,
Had the tempter not entered man's Eden,
If Eve his allurements had fled.

So, with the great sainted Augustine
"Happy Fault!" in my joy I exclaim.
To ransom our soul's from sin's thralldom,
Only thus, she our Mother became.
Then I ask—With her love, what is sorrow?
What care we how rough be the way?
Tho' steep the ascent, shall we falter?
'Twill be at the last endless May.

We shall meet all our dear ones in glory
Whose lives long were linked to our own,
Who traveled life's pathway, so weary—
And, now, they inherit a throne.
Their spirits are near us and whisper:
Have courage, our dear ones, keep on!
You'll reckon life's hardships most precious,
When the days of Eternity dawn.

Little Blossoms

And, so, dearest Sister, we listen,
For the tones of their voice still we love,
With their brightest example before us
Let us speed to our country above.
Let us think how all pilgrims are weary,
Faint-hearted, may be, far from home,
And we'll gauge not the distance we travel,
Nor the roughness o'er which we must roam.

Onward, up! we shall cry with voice cheery,
And so be to others a guide;
We shall see in the far, far-off distance,
The home where we all shall abide.
The Spirit, the Father, our Jesus,
His Mother, our Mother as well,
The Angels, the Saints, all our loved ones,
The words of our welcome shall tell.

China Anniversary.

Thy China Day!
'Tis thus they say
So china gifts we bring thee
Of plates for meat
And biscuits sweet
And cups for Java coffee.
A scone for light,
With flowers bright,
For rays of gladness sending:
These vases fine
Henceforth are thine,
For fragrant flowers blending.

Little Blossoms

From out this font
You'll water want
 Strange visions for dispelling:
Ope wide your eyes
Be ever wise
 Near enemies ne'er dwelling.

Beware, beware!
Avoid the snare
 That life full-long will last here.
See your grey hair!
Remember e'er
 Your better days are past, dear.

You're thirty-eight,
Before too late
 See to your life's amounting:
Old age is such
It can't do much,
 Make now, your life's accounting.

And when old Time
In deed and rhyme
 Farewell to you is saying,
May Heaven's gate
Your entrance wait;
 'Tis thus we'll all be praying.

Life's a Warfare, All Must Fight.

Life's a warfare, all must fight,
 Who shall win the victor's crown?
Is it he who timidly
 Shrinks and lays his armor down?

Little Blossoms

Glorious all and hero-like
As thy name, thy works must be:
If thy life is lived for God,
Then thou'lt speak of victory.

Work with energy of heart:
Nothing conquers here but love.
Longest lives are short, at best;
Struggle onward, Heaven's above.

With sweet patience for thy shield
Hostile darts will fruitless fall:
God will count thy conquests great
And Victoria thee shall call.

In the years which are to come
Be thy love and courage strong:
All thy days with virtues filled,
Thus, thy course of life be long.

Old Friends and Old Relics are Dear to the Heart.

Old friends and old relics are dear to the heart,
Then, with this memento, I pray thee don't part.
I've prized it and kept it for many long days,
The glow of my friendship its color betrays.
Guard it carefully; keep it from curious eyes:
Its charm,—nay, its value, in this really lies.
May a halo more bright than this picture doth show,
Surround thee for virtues performed here below.
'Tis a Sister's best wish, from a heart full of love,
That joys all-ineffable be thine above.

Little Blossoms

Five Times Eight and Four Times Ten.

"Five times eight and four times ten,"
Thus we counted, years ago,
When our decades four began,
Now our reckoning is not so.

Deeds alone we note with care,
Days and hours, weeks and years,
Come on wings of love divine,
Bringing joys and bringing tears.

Joys, because God's work is done,
E'en by hands as weak as ours;
Tears for precious friends we love
'Mid the world's sin-poisoned bowers.

Foremost in the ranks are we,
Of the Spotless Lamb a Spouse,
In the ranks of those who strive
Zeal for God and man to rouse.

In the little child to wake
Its first love and purest thought,
For its great Creator—God—
By His love redeemed and bought.

Sick of soul or sick of heart,
Weak of limb or weak of brain,
In long lines before us file
Form a moving, endless train.

As Christ walked about this earth
Every form of good to show,
So must we, forgetting self,
Of our love and help bestow.

Little Blossoms

We must dry the mourner's tear,
And the aged footstep guide,
Show the sinner God forgives,
Conquering self and human pride.

We must teach the lisping tongue
Names which make High Heaven rejoice.
As His Spouses, we must be
Kind in thought, in work, in voice.

Then, the forty years will tell
And they'll count not "five times eight,"
But God's own enduring years:
For His reckoning, we can wait.

Last Evening I Entered the Chapel.

Last evening, I entered the Chapel
And stood 'neath the high-vaulted dome,
I felt that God's Angels were 'round me,
Tho' not yet has He made it His home.

Its stillness, its calmness, its beauty,
Filled my heart with an infinite peace:
And the love born of visions celestial
Came, my soul from earth's cares to release.

I glanced at the cold marble columns,
Stately guards stand they, menacing all:
And "Of prayer is the House of My Father!"
Seemed from arches re-echoed to fall.

Little Blossoms

Then, turning my upward glance westward,
Your St. Thomas my raptured soul chained,
And I said to myself —“He is gazing
At the prize which his life-work has gained.”

I could hear thro’ the ages his doctrines,
See them shine, like the sun on his breast
And the Dove a pure messenger bearing
The Spirit’s eternal behest.

His garments of white softly whispered
Of a purity fairer than snow:
While his pen from the Fountain of Wisdom
Seemed with truths all a-golden to glow.

And I thought me of all the loved stories
I had read in my earlier days,
Of his conflicts and patience and vict’ries,
His scorn of earth’s pomps and its praise.

Then, I bowed me in tearful confusion,
As I thought of that intellect grand
Which could pierce the vast secrets of Heaven,
Yet a child in humility stand.

Well chosen, your patron, my Sister,
The links of the chain I can see:—
Christ’s “Suffer the children” and also,
“Heaven’s Kingdom of such is to be.”

I sought the sweet face of our Mother:
For I knew she loves well this dear son.
She was hidden:—that vision awaits me,
When the artists’ last touches are done.

Little Blossoms

These lines should have reached you March seventh,
But a trav'ler way-worn was I, then,
Tho' my heart, it was making you verses
Ne'er traced by the hand nor the pen.

May the Angel of Schools and their Doctor
Your name in the first ranks enroll;
God keep you and bless you forever!
The sister and friend of my soul.

Were I a Poet of Exalted Vision.

Were I poet of exalted vision,
Who in golden words could story tell
Of Aquinas' Saint, your glorious Thomas,
On his virtues I would love to dwell.

Yearned he only for transcendent glory:
Asked by Christ, "Thomas, what reward?"
Earth and all its fleeting honors faded,
And he answered, "But Thyself, O Lord!"

"Angel of the Schools," men call him ever,
For his seraph soul the bond scarce knew,
Which our weak materialistic spirits
Holds, and limits all the good we do.

Such his intellect that all the ages
Since his time have come with bending brow;
Men of sacred learning, pagan sages,
All before him humbly kneel or bow.

Little Blossoms

Rich in knowledge, yet like child so sinless,
Warmed with charity and love divine:
Giving freely and submitting always
Made his life with virtues rich to shine.

E'en as little boy we see him hasten
When the poor flocked to his father's gate,
From the well-filled larder taking quickly
Food their feverish hunger to abate.

Suddenly he meets his angry parent
Who demands, "What take you from our door?"
Thomas, frightened, drops his gathered viands—
Roses only fall upon the floor.

Then the worldly-minded sire marveled;
In that moment grace began to live,
"Son," he cried, "as long as e'er our coffer
Holds an obolus, 'tis yours to give."

So, we see, 'tis thus the humbler virtues
Raise a soul unto the heights sublime,
To live with choirs celestial, endless ages,
Must be purchased by good deeds of time.

Holy Thomas, high thou art in glory,
Far beyond our thoughts to dream or know,
Send, oh send us rays from out thy radiance,
To illumine our darkened path below!

Give to her whose feast-day we are keeping,
Brilliancy of mind and heart and soul:
For, like thee, life's narrow path and straightened
She has chosen to reach Heaven's goal.

Little Blossoms

Religion's Garden of Eden.

You are treading a pathway, my Sister,
Thro' a garden most fair to behold;
There is verdure the richest and rarest,
There are fruits and bright blossoms untold.

Luxuriant foliage is screening
Your form from the sun's scorching rays,
While breezes most balmy are wafting
Rare songsters' melodious lays.

Refreshing the fragrance of flowers,
Their tints—how delightful to eye!
The cloudlets above smile a message
As they flit 'neath the clear azure sky.

Human voices are chanting love's anthems
Which shall last when time's years are no more:
For the Angels are catching the echoes,
As to regions celestial they soar.

'Tis Religion's fair Garden of Eden,
Its beauties no heart can conceive:
You prize them and yearn not for others,
E'en tho' you are called "Little Eve."

May Crooning.

May is going, dearest Mother,
And our hearts bid sad adieu.
For we love the month of blossoms
Month so sweetly named for you.

Little Blossoms

In its every grace and beauty,
In its sweetest perfume spread,
Pictured is your life, dear Mother,
While on earth your footsteps sped.

May is going, but you're with us,
Every land 'neath Heaven's sky
Sees rich temples raised to Jesus
And His Mother's name on high.

Lo! we have our own St. Mary's,
Dearest spot on earth, we claim:
Erstwhile John was Jesus' herald,
We another John must name.

Filled with love, he built this temple,
Oped to man God's portals wide,
Here dispensed the Spirit's graces
And consoled poor pilgrims tried.

In his footsteps walked his brothers,
Fervor, sacrifice and zeal
E'er have marked the Lord's anointed,
These, our Pastors' lives reveal.

Still another John we honor,—
Mother dearest, many sons
Gather 'round your glorious banner,
Heart aflame till vict'ry's won.

We are only little children
But we bring this crown to place,
On your image here with honor,
Thus your queenly brow to grace.

Little Blossoms

What Can Children Say, Dear Sister.

What can children say, dear Sister,
On this feast so loved by you?
Oft the lips are wholly silent
Tho' the heart beats warm and true.

We are grateful for your goodness,
Thro' long years, to each and all:
Well we know 'tis for the Master,
That your life is at His call.

We have tried to pierce high Heaven
With our earnest childish tone,
Lay our prayers and fervent pleadings
At the Angelic Doctor's throne.

He has heard, and smiled upon us
(So we know he loves you, too,)
Gave a white resplendent garment
And it now encircles you.

Placed upon your brow a signet,
That your soul and mind and heart
Like his own should glow and kindle,
Truths eternal to impart.

We are happy, dearest Sister,
In these Heaven-sent gifts of love.
Earthly gold and gems most brilliant
Are as naught to those above.

With our love and deep affection
Greetings glad, we speak today.
That your life be filled with Heaven,
Earnestly we hope and pray.

Addresses.



MT. ST. JOSEPH-ON THE OHIO
MAIN AVE, ACADEMY IN BACKGROUND.

Little Blossoms

Welcome.

Ere the cold wint'ry days of the North have gone by,
While the snow clouds still hover o'erhead in our sky,
The "Sweet Sunny South" in its richness gives birth
To fruits and to flowers, the fairest on earth.
The wealth of its treasure, it gently unfolds,
While the Frost King our soil in his icy grasp holds.
In generous profusion, those riches come North,
Bearing kindest greetings to enliven each hearth.
Like messenger birds, the glad tidings they bring
That joys there abound, and herald our Spring.
Its traditions, still true, have proved greater this year:
From its bounty, dear Father, we welcome you here.
Its gifts heretofore, would a passing joy lend:
But, now, it has sent us a Father and friend.
With gratitude deep, we bless that dear land,
May God give it grace with a bountiful Hand!
And you who have left it, a new flock to guide,
Find you nought but to gladden, while here you abide.
Our affections we offer,—a place in our prayer:
In your kindness paternal, we beg for a share.

Welcome.

We are little girls, dear Father,
But we joyfully come to say
We're as glad as the young ladies,
Of your presence here today.

Joyous greetings and warm welcome,
In nice language, they can tell:
Childish lips such words can't utter,
But these flowers will do as well.

Little Blossoms

First this cross bespeaks the trials
Making up your holy life,
Anguish your companion daily:
Every hour with care is rife.

Then, each flower whispers sweetly
That your hopes are placed on high,
That you love not fleeting pleasures,
Only those which never die.

Children all should love their Father,
And we wish to do our parts:
So, we formed, of these sweet blossoms,
Keys that will unlock our hearts.

All your life to God is offered,
Every work He's noted down,
We have made this simple chaplet,
Emblem of your future crown.

With these offerings, dearest Father,
Take our simple, earnest prayers,
At our Mother's feet we place them,
As a balm for all your cares.

Welcome Home.

We, today, your children, here
Sing out in prayerful notes and clear,
The joy which shines from every eye,
The joy which in each heart beats high—
Thank God! our Father's safe at home!

Little Blossoms

From storms on sea, from storms on land,
From perils great, from sorrow's hand:
Our prayers like guardian angels bright
Have changed the darkness into light
And now, you're safe with us, thank God!

The early spring brings gladsome days,
With warbling birds and genial rays:
Your coming holds far greater bliss
And gratefully God's Hand we kiss
For leading you safe home.

At God's high throne on earth, you've knelt,
The treasures gathered there, we've felt,
And, now, we kneel in suppliant tone,
To ask His blessing and your own:
And whisper still "Thank God once more you're home!"

We Learn from Ancient Pages.

We learn from ancient pages
Of Leonidas the Greek,
Who with three hundred soldiers
Thermopylae's pass did keep
Against the many thousands
Who came with colors high
To scatter the small handful,
Who, sure, they thought, must die.

We come today, six hundred,
Your boys, we're proud to say,
And in our heart's a spirit
Which manhood cannot lay.

Little Blossoms

We bring to you, our Leader,
At this happy Christmas-tide,
A tribute of thanksgiving
Of love, of boyish pride.

You lead us. Where, dear Father?
To the world's broad battlefield
And whisper "Seize your weapon,
The foe is close, ne'er yield.
Stand firm, the enemy in numbers
Outcounts the sands of sea.
Yet, Religion's pass is narrow,
There, the few may heroes be!

"Put on the shield of patience,
Cast worldliness aside,
Be Justice e'er your watchword,
The lowly ne'er deride."
Such words you speak, dear Father,
And, in your life, you tell
Of self-devoted actions
Which in noble spirits dwell.

We'll follow where you lead us
And tho' the coming years
May spread our pathways widely,
In your hearts shall dwell no fears
That one of your six hundred
Prove false to maxims high:
But all shall meet hereafter
Beyond the eternal skies.

Little Blossoms

Farewell.

Can you read, dear Father, in each heart and eye
That we fain would utter never a good-bye?
We have felt your kindness, rich our portion e'er,
Generously given, each one had her share.
We have stored the treasures given to our souls
Sacredly we'll guard them, as time onward rolls,
Kneeling in the Chapel, at the hour of prayer,
When Holy Mass you offered, we brought our every care.
For we knew, dear Father, as we bowed us low,
At the Elevation, our wants to Heaven would go.
You would whisper gently to God's Sacred Heart
All our needs, and Jesus, his blessing would impart.
That our Mother Mary you asked to place us all
'Neath her snow-white mantle where evil may not fall.
That you wished all blossoms of virtue fair to show
Within each young heart's garden: forever there to grow.
Among God's favorite flowers sweet gratitude we find
And with its sacred garland our hearts securely bind.
Ne'er shall we forget you, when on bended knee,
We ask God's benediction with true humility.
Other souls may need you, God on high knows best:
Who follow Jesus closely, must give love's truest test.
May St. William Parish bring you comfort sweet,
With love and grace and blessing your every hour greet.

Welcome.

Tho' the cold, bleak winds are blowing
And earth's donned her gloomy dress,
In our hearts, a gladsome spring-time
Comes with stores of happiness.

Little Blossoms

Our wintry season's over, now,
The void which long we felt,
Sweet blossoms of affection fill,
And snows of sorrow melt.

Who seek to know the wherefore,
Look at each one's glowing face,
Let affections keenly insight
There, the answer quickly trace.

Home from regions distant,
From the Indian hunting-ground,
God has brought us back our Mother,
And our souls with joy abound.

Mother dearest, you are welcome,
To your children's love and heart:
Our holy bonds of union,
Time or distance ne'er can part.

What care we if all Nature
In sombre garbs be dressed,
When, within our own home-circle
With love and joy we're blessed?

Affection's purest radiance,
No sombre shadows throw:
It brightens all things earthly
Forepictures Heaven below.

The halo of such glory
Around us now is cast:
With our Mother, as the centre,
It is destined long to last.

Little Blossoms

The weeks but slowly travel,
In your absence, Mother dear,
To make our home as should be,
We need your presence here.

In the Sacred Heart, we placed you
When the journey you began,
It has gently watched and kept you
As that Heart only can.

With grateful, loving spirits,
We bow in fervent prayer,
And thank that Heart the meekest,
For its tender, loving care.

* * * *

And for our little Sister,
A welcome warm we speak,
But hint that in the future,
Our vengeance we may wreak.

Your new-formed tastes and customs,
Tho' they date to "Grand Old Spain,"
When accounts we come to reckon,
Will plead with us in vain.

Madeira grapes, and oysters
From the Baltimorean shore,
Lake fish, and Florida orange,
Shall cross your lips, no more.

Little Blossoms

But, like some fairy vision,
Shall this trip in future be,
For, I assure you, dear one,
Real life, henceforth, you'll see.

In this present, joyous moment,
Forget your future woes:
Each one of us will gladly
Forego the debt she owes.

Welcome.

We are here, dearest Mother and Sister,
Our welcome to speak and to sing,
And our hearts are as bright and as cheery
As the beautiful blossoms of spring.
We have learned, in the months that have vanished
What the home without Mother may be,
That "there's no place like home" with your children,
You have reasoned, we plainly can see.
And, so, blessed be God! happy feelings
Fall over our spirits tonight.
While each face is reflecting the gladness
Which comes, but of Heaven's own light.
Weary days, weary nights were your portion
As you sought our dear Sisters afar:
But what peace and what comfort you bore them!
As to Magi, the bright Eastern Star.
We hope that their works to your spirit
Were perfume, as Gilead's balm,
That Charity's bond made their hearth-stones
The dwelling of holiest calm;

Little Blossoms

That the poor, and the sick, and the erring
 Raised their hands, but your daughters to bless.
While the little ones came as of olden
 From our Saviour to seek a caress;
That the student with words of wise counsel
 Is led into realms of delight
And taught that the dwelling of Wisdom
 Is placed on the Mount of God's Light.
That you left the "Far West" with the comfort
 Christ would say to your children, "Well done!"
Tho' they think all their efforts are fruitless
 And feel that they've only begun.
You are home—and may home bring you blessings.
 We are happy—God keep us so long!
May darkness of soul never banish
 The joy of this May evening song.

Greetings from Little Orphans at Norwood.

With the merry chiming of the Christmas bells
And the joyous laughter which all care dispels,
With the loving greetings of true friend to friend,
Mingle we our voices and good wishes blend.
Pray we, that all blessings rest on you and yours,
Smallest deed of mercy, happiness insures,
God who notes the sparrow, counts us every one,
In us sees the image of His Only Son,
Of the little Christ-Child as He came on earth,
Angel choirs singing at His lowly birth:—
"To God the highest glory, to men on earth be peace,"
His coming banished evil, and gave our souls release.
We pray Him, as our Brother, each one of you to bless,
And fold His arms around you in Christmas-tide caress.

Little Blossoms

Orphans to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Clifton.

The woodlands wide are glowing
With richest tint and hue;
The sky above is showing
Its deepest, clearest blue,
While you are here bestowing
The sweets of pleasure true.

Our little hearts o'erflowing
Would grateful words express,
But God, all good things knowing,
Your deeds will surely bless:
For each of us is going
Your favors to confess.

We'll tell him how the hours
We count from year to year,
And ask His grace in showers
To fall on all so dear
Who fill these sacred bowers
With peace and love sincere.

To give to you who're staying
Within His Heart's retreat
His virtues e'er displaying
A crown of blessings meet.
And all these prayers we're saying
We place at Jesus' feet.

Little Blossoms

Address of Cumminsville Orphans.

Our grateful hearts say "Welcome" to the guests assembled here,
The friends who've watched our welfare thro' each succeeding year,
Who've spared from their own comfort, their business and their home,
Many golden hours, that the orphan might not roam.

That we feel not pangs of hunger, nor unprotected be
From the chilling blasts of tempests and the pain of poverty.

We have home and every solace which the tenderest mothers give,
And we thank the good God daily, that so happily we live.

Our Most Reverend Archbishop, we all have learned to know,
Like the Master whom he follows, is touched by every woe.

With charity unbounded and affection all divine,
He would make all hearts beat joyously, each face with gladness
shine,

We feel we have a Father, Christ-Like in every way,

For his daily life is lighted by Heaven's brightest ray.

And as our benefactors, we name in fervent prayer.

We scan their anxious hours, their days of toil and care,

We pray that like the snowflakes, fall graces thick and fast,

In return for nameless blessings which in mercy's stream they cast.

The noble bands of workers to whom we owe our all

On the Prince of the Apostles and Christ's Foster Father call . .

St. Peter guards the treasures, holds the key of Heaven's door,

His followers keep our coffers and add their goodly store.

Faithful to the trust confided, honored both by God and man,

The "Old Friends of the Orphans" do what e'en the noblest can.

For long years have prayers ascended, and thro' many more they'll
rise

Till St. Peter bids them enter at the portal of the skies.

St. Joseph, the protector of the Infant Saviour here,

Looks with pleasure on his clients, as they toil from year to year.

That we little ones be sheltered—Want's path by us untrod,

That we grow up to the honor of our Country and our God.

Little Blossoms

Cheerfully they take the burden, all our wants they scan with care:
If our granaries be empty—of their own they gladly share.
And so, in thankful melodies, our voices rise and swell,
As our benefactors' noble deeds, both Heaven and earth can tell.
We speak our warmest greetings and a welcome to you all,
While sincerest thanks are tendered for our new and spacious hall.
No morn shall bring its brightness, nor day of ours wane;
But our lips and hearts shall plead with Christ for your eternal gain.
May the New Year bring you treasures of home and heart and soul,
And may they keep on growing, as unnumbered years shall roll.
May a band of orphans lead you, when Life's full span is run,
To Christ, and be His greeting, "Rejoice, my friends, well done!"

To Reverend —

Words of love and songs of gladness
Greet this happy festive day:
Here your children, dearest Father,
Come their gratitude to say.

Welcome home from lands so distant,
Welcome to your children's hearts:
Each one knows the wealth of blessing
Which your kindness doth impart.

As the days and years pass onward,
Laden well with earnest deeds,
For a glorious glad hereafter
Each of all your children pleads.

Little Blossoms

To the throne of God in Heaven
Wafted are our prayers for you,
And they'll cease not till the dawning
Of Heaven's morn breaks on your view.

Take these offerings, trifles are they,
Simple tributes of our love.
Let them emblem the rich treasure
Waiting you in courts above.

Rose D'Erina.

Let this chaplet we've woven to circle thy brow
Tell the love that endears thee to orphan hearts now.
Your kind soul produces, here, virtues' sweet flowers.
That shall bloom all-resplendent in Heavenly bowers.
Your voice—when this life shall have vanished away,
With Angels' you'll join in a glorious lay,
For, the God of the orphan now looks down in Love
On thee, Rose D'Erina, from His high throne above.

Address of Orphans.

We have thoughts far too deep for expression,
We have loves that we name not in word,
For our souls know emotions which only
Our Father in Heaven has heard.

Can we venture a farewell to utter
To one who has made life so dear?
Can we spare his warm friendship and guidance,
When his voice meant all gladness and cheer?

Little Blossoms

Ah, how well do our hearts tell us sadly
No other his place shall e'er fill:
From the great world he turned with rejoicing,
Bringing hither his strength and his will.

Now he goes—shall our lips frame the sentence?
Yet, we feel that his heart still must stay,
Else a shadow would creep o'er our pathway
Taking much of life's brightness away.

Dearest Friend, should there come darkest hour
(Which we pray—God forbid!) know you well,
That the Orphans are ceaseless prayers telling
While their souls with deep gratitude swell.

Friendship.

As Jonathan and David
In Bible story old,
Or Pythias and Damon
By Grecian poets told,
Two hearts we know are knitted
With a love which grows not cold.

The years have come and vanished
Old friends have passed away;
New faces bring new fancies
Is a lesson learned each day,
These two souls have borne times trial,
Their heart-roses ne'er decay.

Little Blossoms

Oh, the years are stealing gently,
 Their hair is growing white;
But the weight of time ne'er slackens
 Their footsteps firm and light,
And they're quick as in their springtime
 To know and praise what's right.

God bless them in the evening
 Of Religion's closing days,
As on and up they travel
 Perfection's devious ways
And give them both forever
 His love's enduring rays!

Appeals for St. Joseph Infant
Asylum.

.

Little Blossoms

Hills and Dales and Streets of Cities.

Hills and dales and streets of cities, covered o'er with mantle white,
Shouts of school boys, sleigh bells' jingle, merry laugh of children
bright.

Dazzling windows, toys unnumbered, goods to catch the eye of all,
With their radiant color tell us Christmas-tide is soon to call.

As the Christmas is for children, oldest hearts seem young to grow:
'Tis the blessing of the Christ-Child, wishing all but joy, to know.
And the fathers of the household, prouder e'en than monarchs great,
Listen to their joyous children as for Santa Claus they wait,
List to wondrous tales and visions of his quaintest reindeer steed,
Which will bring from Fairy Toyland, rarest gifts with matchless
speed.

While surprises, happy mothers, plan with care for each and all,
Beg the Infant Saviour's blessing with His gifts upon them fall.
Do they ever think how sorrow, of the deepest, darkest dye,
Is the lot of many mortals and how sad is hunger's cry?
Do they know that many infants, lovely as their own may be,
Ope their eyes on Christmas morning not to brilliant Christmas tree,
Not to meet a gentle mother's sweetest smile and fond caress,
But to read in deep lines written, tales of sorrow and distress?
Or to know the pangs of hunger and December's bitter cold,
And to be without a shelter, wand'ring o'er the wintry wold?
How the hapless mothers suffer, scarcely knowing where to turn;—
That the world has little mercy, is a lesson hard to learn.
God has sent in great profusion, gifts sufficient for us all,
Some of us must be His stewards and the pains of want forestall.
Bids us look the wide-world over, find the shelterless and poor,
Give to them from out our plenty, what Life's comfort will procure.
Happy fathers, blessed mothers, look upon your little band,
Lay up treasures for their futures, giving now with lavish hand
To the needy and the wretched, to the homeless and forlorn,
Who have drunk the dregs of mis'ry, and have felt its bitter scorn.

Little Blossoms

God above, Who judges all things, will your deeds of mercy take
As if to Himself you did them, and your cause, He'll not forsake,
When, perhaps, the world so fickle, may its flattery reverse,
And in time, you'll know its coldness and its haughtiness perverse.
Then He'll silence tongues of slander, bid the tempest—"Peace be still!"

And you'll know the Heavenly comfort that must follow at His will.
Let the thought, you've helped another, mingle with your Christmas joys,

It will make you feel the gladness of your little girls and boys.
And the Christmas chimes so merry, and the Angels' hymn of love,
In your souls will dwell forever, e'en in mansions bright above.

Lo! The Infant's Arms are Opened.

Lo! the Infants' arms are opened,
Raised on high His Hand Divine:
As He welcomes all earth's children
To the Crib, His Christmas shrine.

"If you knew how much I love you!"
Thus He speaks to every heart:
"I became a helpless Infant,
In your sorrows to take part."

"Bring me offerings that I cherish—
Charity's bright roses red:
In the vale find purest blossoms,
Grown in modest lily bed.

"Violets of humble feeling,
Fragrant buds of kindly thoughts,
Scatter broadcast with My blessing,
Mary's sweet forget-me-nots.

Little Blossoms

"There are lonely hearts about you,
Feeble, sick, and sore-distressed:—
Leave your pleasures, bear them comfort,
Let the Christmas-tide be blessed.

"But, of all things that I ask you,
There is one most dear to Me—
Help the Little Ones forsaken,
Oh, I love them tenderly!

"Richest grace I'll pour upon you,
Temporal gifts in goodly store:
For the smile of joy you cause them,
You'll be gladdened, o'er and o'er.

"Angel hands will write the record,
Angel hosts your homes will guard:
Heaven's Queen, herself, will offer,
At the last, your life's reward."

A "Merry Christmas" to You All.

"A Merry Christmas!" to you all,
I'm Santa Claus, you see:
While gifts to old and young I bring,
Yet, seek I—Charity.

You think it strange that I should ask,
Who, thro' long centuries sped,
Have answered calls and carried gifts,
Filled up my reindeer sled.

Little Blossoms

From year to year, I've traveled 'round—
I've gone from pole to pole:
O'er mountains high, on rivers broad,
Where ocean waters roll.

Where homes are happy, plenty reigns,
I'm looked for with delight.
And all the gifts the world can show,
Old Santa brings to sight.

And oh, what joy it is to give!
'Tis happiness untold—
A pleasure earned by generous deeds
And purchased not by gold.

Come, then, respond with loving hearts
I ask you, one and all,
To give to me this Christmas-tide,
Will you refuse my call?

"What does Old Santa need?" you say.
All things which children please;
But most of all, Food, Clothing, Means,
Which want and suffering ease.

And I will thank you, but far more,
The Infant Saviour, born
So poor and lowly—He will bless
Each giver, Christmas morn.

Little Blossoms

In Memoriam.

Pierce the clouds which hang above us,
See the golden portals swing;
Thousand infant saints pass through them,
And as angels sweetly sing.

Close and closer still we see them
Till they almost reach our sphere:
While the melody they're chanting
Ravishes our earthly ear.

Now, they hover, in a circle,
O'er St. Joseph Infant Home,
With their cherished benefactors
From a living spirit dome.

Sisters Anthony and Augustine
Crowned with diadems of Love,
Mr. Butler robed in mercy,
Seated on high thrones above.

In the little Foundling chapel,
'Tis the hour for Holy Mass:
Rev'rent worshippers bow lowly
While uncounted moments pass.

Sacrifice of praise is offered,
And of deep thanksgiving, too:
For the myriad blessings showered
And the dangers safe passed through.

Five and twenty years of labor,
Not for gain and not for fame:
But, e'en as the Master worked here,
Those who act in His sweet Name.

Little Blossoms

Worldlings, cease your aimless hurry,
All your mammon is but dross:
For, unless you raise the needy,
Hoarded treasures will prove loss.

I was hungry, I was thirsty,
"I a stranger all to you,
Yet, you meat, and drink, and fireside,
Gave with brother's kindness true.

"Enter, now, beyond the threshold
Of My Father's home above:
Feast forever, drink from fountains
Of th' Eternal Spirit's Love."

I've Had a Talk with My Dollie.

I've had a talk with my dollie,
And told her all my care;
For though I am only four years old,
Of trouble I've had my share.

For we are a great big family,
As you can surely see,
The youngest is just an hour old,
And then, all the way up to me.

I know we are more than a hundred
Of every size and age:
Sister wrote our names for Santa
And it took the longest page.

Little Blossoms

So I am troubled sorely
And Dollie dear is too,
But I think what she said this morning
Was very wise and true.

She said: "If coal must be paid for,
And flour for so much bread,
And dresses for all the babies,
And blankets for every bed.

"I think you should write a letter
To people who do not know
There's such a big family of children
Who are anxious to live and grow.

"You tell them just where we are living,
And of how many things we need,
And they'll send far more than you ask them
As soon as your letter they read.

"But do not forget to tell them,
That every morning and night,
You'll ask the Christ Jesus to bless them
And give them a Christmas bright."

So I have obeyed my Dollie,
And I'm watching anxiously
To see if the friends I have written
Will quickly reply to me.

Little Blossoms

Last Christmas, My Dollie Advised Me.

Last Christmas, my Dollie advised me
To write to my friends, great and small:
And, would you believe me? they answered—
If not everyone,—nearly all.

Would it sound very strange, if I'd tell them
The promised "Good Times" are not here,
And while I'm ashamed to call often
There's naught else to do I much fear.

For the cellar looks pretty well emptied,
And the house full of children, you see.
What else can we do, having nothing,
But to go to those more blessed than we?

Oh, the giver is happy in giving
And his life is made sweeter fore'er,
While those who receive must be grateful
And show it in unceasing prayer.

My Dollie says when Christmas blessings
By the Christ-Child are brought to the earth,
That we'll beg Him to give in abundance
Our friends, the rich fruits of His birth.

That the "Glory to God in the highest,
"Unto men of good will, lasting peace,"
May bring to their hearts joy and gladness
Till God's call shall give them release.

Then, may they in Heaven rejoicing
See the good which their mercy has won,
When the helpless and homeless and hungry
Bring their crown for a life-work well done.

Little Blossoms

Is There for Sure a Santa Claus?

Is there for sure a Santa Claus?
I wonder where he lives.
They say "to all good children
Both sweets and toys he gives."

In picture books I've seen him,
Come thro' a fireplace wide,
Because 'way up the chimney
All day he has to hide.

In this big house are chimneys
But no great hearths at all;
The steam pipes could not hold him,
They're all too long and small.

So, I'm afraid Kris Kingle
Will never, never know
That fifty little children
Are longing for him so.

OCT 31 1910

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